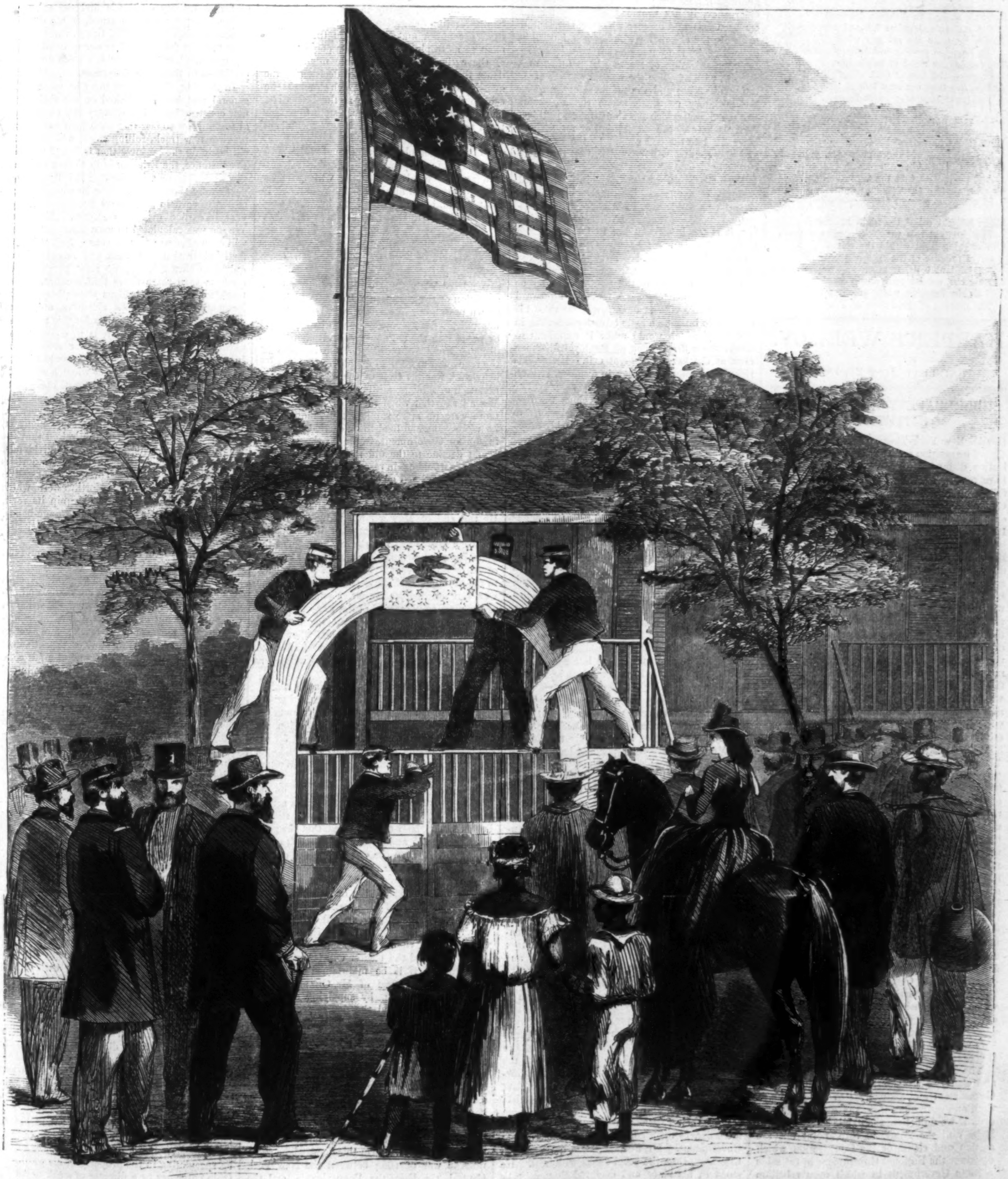
HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. IX.—No. 447.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 22, 1865. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS.
$4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1865, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.



A BRITISH MIDSHIPMAN RESTORING THE AMERICAN EAGLE IN FRONT OF THE UNITED STATES LEGATION AT HONOLULU, SANDWICH ISLANDS.—[FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.]

A HYMN TO PEACE.

When from the Ark went forth the dove
To mark the lingering flood's decrease,
She came again at evening time,
Bearing the olive-branch of peace.
Then knew the patriarch of old
The meaning of the branch she bore:
And from the earth the waters passed
To drown the hills and vales no more.

For God, who sends the gentle rains,
Has writ his covenant on high,
His radiant bow of promise gilds
The clouds that veil the azure sky;
To Noah of old in ages gone
The sacred covenant was given;
And God upon his throne has set
The sign of peace 'twixt Earth and Heaven.

For four long years the Lord has veiled
His face behind the battle-cloud,
From hill to hill across the land
Has pealed the battle-anthem loud.
Our fields have drunk the precious blood
That free as water has been shed,
The streams that lave the battle-plains
With blood of heroes have run red.

But now at last, in distance drowned,
The cannon's thunders fail and cease,
And borne upon the summer wind
We hear the sweet-toned bells of peace.
The sulphurous cloud of battle lifts,
From off the face of God withdrawn,
And in the East our eyes behold
The broad light of a purer Dawn.

And Peace, her olive-tree beneath,
Where late was heard War's echoing drum,
With folded hands and kindly eyes,
Sits dreaming of the years to come—
Or in her sunny vineyard stands
And tends with care the fruitful vine,
Or crushes from the swollen grape
In plenteous streams the purple wine.

Ring, jubilant bells! the night has flown
That brought this weight of grief and tears,
The morning light within the East
Gives promise of the thousand years.
Ring, jubilant bells, from far and near,
Ring out, nor let your music cease
Till all the listening world proclaim
The coming of the Prince of Peace!

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, July 22, 1865.

PUBLIC SAFETY AND THE CONSTITUTION.

THE New York *Times* thinks our statement of its position upon the question of reorganization disingenuous. We are sorry it should have seemed so, since there can be no greater folly than for the loyal friends of the Union and Government to misrepresent each other in the discussion of the proper policy of reorganization. If the *Times* had remembered this truth it would have been more accurate in its reports of the Boston meeting, and more candid in its comments upon it. To speak, as it did, of a large assembly of highly intelligent American citizens, which discussed great measures of public policy with singular ability and in the most generous temper, and which spoke of the President with the utmost respect, sympathy, and confidence, as a meeting for "threatening......with loose rhetoric," as seeking "to govern the country by menaces;" and to denounce the meeting as "a faction," and its suggestions as "sectionalism," was certainly not very ingenuous, but was probably very amusing to the gentlemen concerned whose patriotism is not less consistent and unselfish than that of the New York *Times*.

In commenting upon Mr. Dana's speech the *Times* said that it did not agree with him that "we may rightfully impose upon the Southern States any requirements which we may deem essential to the public safety." We remarked that this was but another way of saying that we must submit to the action of those States, even if we considered it destructive of the public safety. The *Times* replies that we misrepresent its meaning, and then adds: "The Government has not the right to make its ideas of the public safety the sole and exclusive guide of its action in dealing with the Southern States. It is bound in this as in every thing else by the Constitution of the United States." Undoubtedly it is. But the question is, whether, in the process of reorganization, any measure which is essential to the public safety can be considered unconstitutional? Certainly it can, says the *Times*. Then it is unconstitutional to do some things which are essential to the public safety. In other words, the Constitution does not in every emergency provide for the public safety. And here we differ from the *Times*. We think that it does.

The *Times* asks us to point out the section and clause of the Constitution which give the Government any authority "to impose conditions and restrictions upon the Southern States, even if we do believe the public safety requires it." Will the *Times*, in turn, point out the section and clause of the Constitution which empower the National Government to set aside a State Government in which open rebellion has ceased—to depose officers legally elected and unconvicted of crime—to appoint a provisional government for a State—to summon a convention to amend the State Constitution and introduce arbitrary tests for the electors—and to maintain a force of United States troops within the limits of a State where there are neither active rebellion nor invasion, and which has not asked for national assistance?

The *Times* says that "suffrage in the rebel States may and *must* be restricted [by the National Government], because men who have been rebels can not be legal voters until they have been restored to their rights by executive pardon." Will the *Times* point out the section and clause of the Constitution which empower the President to deprive of all political rights persons untried and unconvicted of treason or of any crime whatever?

Yet all these acts, for which it can find no verbal constitutional authority, the *Times* defends, and justly. We also defend them. Mr. Dana and the Boston meeting defend them. All truly loyal Union men defend them. And for what reason? Because the Constitution can not be interpreted as hostile to itself. Because, although it does not provide specifically for this emergency, it has provided generally for all emergencies; and because whatever is essential to secure the objects for which it was formed is authorized by it by necessary implication. In the reorganization of States still panting and feverish with rebellion the necessity of the case, the public faith, and the public safety, require the initiatory measures which the President has taken, and which the Constitution justifies. And "whatever other condition or restriction" is essential to the end sought by the President and the country will be justified by the same authority.

Even the *Times* does not deny it. The most generous of opponents, it furnishes its adversaries—let us rather say, its friends—with weapons. If it be too eager a partisan to be consistent, it is too intelligent not to know that the Constitution can not be made to imperil the public safety. One day it stigmatizes those who say that it may be necessary to enfranchise the colored citizens of the Southern States as factious and menacing. A few days afterward it says: "We will go farther, and say that it is possible to imagine a state of disloyal feeling in the South which would make it expedient to confer the suffrage upon all the loyal freedmen even at the hazard of great evil. Better this risk than a reign of treason in disguise, or than an indefinitely protracted military rule." The *Times*, in these words, merely echoes the Boston meeting, and repeats the conclusions to which all thoughtful Union men inevitably come. Thus the Philadelphia *Press*—a shrewd journal—which says that the President clearly had no right to insist upon negro suffrage, adds: "But if generosity and magnanimity are to be repaid only by new evidences of treachery and treason a remedy even for such baseness can be applied."

In other words, if the public safety demands the enfranchisement of the whole loyal population of the rebel States it will be enfranchised, or the States will continue unorganized until the voters already recognized choose to do what is necessary. If this policy be factious, sectional, and menacing, words have lost their meaning.

THE PRESIDENT'S POLICY.

Mr. Wendell Phillips publishes the letter of a friend who fears that the late rebel States will appear by their Representatives and Senators at the meeting of Congress, demanding seats, and that they can not be excluded, because the Government will declare that they may now resume their relations with the Government, which have been merely suspended. But Mr. Phillips's correspondent has not carefully read the President's proclamation. There is nothing final in his action. The whole subject is referred to Congress. The Governors whom the President appoints are to call conventions. The conventions are to reform the State Constitutions. Voters in the State authorized by the President are then to act upon the Constitution. It is then to be submitted to Congress; and when Congress has decided it to be "such a republican form of State Government as will entitle the State to the guarantee of the United States therefor"—then, and not before, it becomes the fundamental law of the State; and then, and not before, the Senators and Representatives elected in pursuance of it will be eligible to seats in Congress; and before they can take their seats they must take the oath of July 1, 1862, which excludes every body who aided or encouraged the rebellion in any manner whatever.

As Mr. Henry Winter Davis very truly said at Chicago: "There is nothing in President Johnson's proclamation which assumes to conclude the judgment of the Congress of the United States or the recognition of State Governments in the rebel States." The President holds that the States have not ceased to exist; but he holds not less firmly that they can not resume their relations to the national Government except upon conditions acceptable to that Government. Mr. Johnson was a Senator in Congress when the rebel chiefs withdrew. He stood in his place and declared that, were he President, he would hang as traitors men who should do certain acts. And because those men have done them—because with fire and sword they have made war upon the Government, and because, after dealing the most deadly and cruel blows upon the country, they were ignominiously and utterly baffled, is it probable that, being now President, Mr. Johnson will hasten to open the doors of Congress, and to bow masked traitors in? As a sagacious politician, is he likely to look for support to the caste which has always hated him, or to the people who elected him, and who with him have conquered the caste? In the settlement of the questions raised by the war, is he likely to ally himself with those of the North who have steadily and unscrupulously opposed him and his friends at every step? Is there any thing in the condition of public affairs which should induce him to desert his friends and trust to his enemies?

If any man in the country has shown himself earnest in prosecuting the war, and in the purpose of overthrowing the faction and the spirit which occasioned the war, it is Andrew Johnson. If any man honestly respects the will of the people, as expressed through their lawful representatives in Congress, it is the President. He therefore said plainly in his speech to the South Carolina delegation that he intended "to exert the power and influence of the Government so as to place in power the popular heart of the nation." And that there might be no doubt that he believed the final decision of the question of reorganization lay with Congress, he said to the delegation that, "as the Executive, he could only take the initiatory steps to enable them to do the things which it was incumbent upon them to perform." The President initiates and Congress completes the national reorganization. That is the principle of President Johnson, and all loyal Union men will certainly heartily agree with him. They may differ as to what the initial steps should be, but they hold with the President that they are not conclusive.

RAILROADS IN PEACE-TIME.

These are times of surprises. When Lee surrendered Wall Street was full of pity for the condition of the Northern railroads, which had grown prosperous during the war, but which, it was universally assumed, were to be replunged by peace into the old non-dividend-paying condition. From 1859 to 1864 the business of the roads had more than doubled. This, every body said, was the fruit of the war—the transportation of soldiers, military supplies, etc., etc. We all saw that when peace came again, and there were no more soldiers to be moved, and no more guns and food to be carried to Washington for Government, traffic on the railroads would decline to the old figures, and railroad dividends would again resemble "angel's visits."

Lee surrendered on 9th April, and within a fortnight from that date the disbandment of the troops and the reduction of the navy began. By the end of May a large reduction in the army and in the movement of military supplies had been effected. Yet the traffic returns for June show an average increase over last year of 30 or 40 per cent. Instead of falling back to the old figures which were current before the war, railroad receipts are far in excess of those of the most active period of the war—of the period when Government was moving men and material with sleepless activity, and when grain was at so high a price that it could afford to pay almost any freight that railway managers asked.

This is an astounding fact—one for which, we venture to say, not one among the best-informed railroad men or Wall Street financiers was prepared. It has taken the profession and the street alike by surprise. Allowing for every special reason which can be assigned—for the return of disbanded troops, for Western fairs, for a sudden outburst of pleasure travel, and all such influences—the June traffic on our leading lines of railway must remain an utterly incomprehensible anomaly to those who still believe, as every body once believed, that the great receipts of 1863 and 1864 were the fruit of the war, and that when the cause ceased to operate the effect would cease also.

We are forced, in spite of preconceived theories, to seek, outside of the direct effect of the war, for the cause of the great development of internal trade which commenced in 1861, and which seems to be going on still, after the peace, with unabated vigor. And the closer the subject is analyzed the clearer will it appear that this traffic—if it be maintained—must be ascribed to the effect of Mr. Chase's paper-money issues, which, by supplying capital in abundance, facilitated the development of resources previously dormant, and called into productive activity every interest and every section of the country. Bad as the effects of the issues of the legal-tenders were in one respect, and severe as must be the crisis preceding their redemption in coin, they rendered at least this service—they furnished the country with what it needed most—capital; may this account for the increase of 100 per cent. in our internal trade in four years? There is one fact which tends strongly to confirm this view. The great railroad war of 1859 between the New York Central, the Erie, the Pennsylvania, and the Baltimore and Ohio, was waged for through freight. There was not freight enough going to and coming from the West to keep all the four trunk lines busy; competition arose, rates were cut down, and at least two of the roads were nearly bankrupted in the fight. Now, not one of these four lines is anxious about through freight. The New York roads profess—we believe truly—to make no profit on it. Both the Erie and the Central are being sued by scores of people who claim damages because the roads would not or could not, or at least did not, carry their through freight in due time. The fact was and is that both lines have so much local business—which has almost wholly sprung up since 1861—that they have but little rolling stock disengaged for through traffic. The Erie—which once ran through a wilderness—can now live and pay dividends without carrying a pound of through freight or a single Chicago passenger.

If it be admitted that the largely increased railway traffic of 1863, '64, and '65 was the fruit of increased development of resources and increased production, it will follow that no material decline in that traffic need be apprehended under ordinary circumstances, and the corollary, so far as railway dividends and the value of railroad property are concerned, is too obvious to need explanation. Still, two or three conditions must be fulfilled before our railroad stocks can command, on the average, a price duly proportioned to their productiveness.

In the first place, there must be some clear general principle established on the subject of new construction. The country and our internal traffic grow so fast that each year every road requires new track, rolling stock, and dépôt facilities to do the business that is forced upon it. For instance, the Erie was built to do a business of $5,000,000 as a maximum; it will earn this year over $15,000,000. The Reading was expected to earn in good years $1,000,000; last year it earned over $8,000,000. The Fort Wayne was calculated to earn $4,000,000; it will earn $8,000,000 this year. Now it is perfectly clear that the track and machinery required to earn $5,000,000 must prove inadequate to earn three times that amount. New track must be laid, bridges strengthened, new locomotives, cars, dépôts, elevators, etc., procured. Whence is the money for this new construction to be had? If it is to come out of earnings, stockholders will never receive any income on their property—which would be fatal to railway investments. Yet when a railroad, earning a fair dividend on its cost, undertakes to pay it, while simultaneously offering stock or bonds in market to pay for new construction, imperatively required by the development of business, the cry is immediately raised that the company is borrowing money to pay dividends, its credit is fatally stabbed, and its securities decline in Wall Street. This was witnessed in the case of the Chicago and Northwestern, which last spring required money to equip its road, and tried to raise it by selling mortgage-bonds, while at the same time it paid on its stock dividends which were fairly earned: the cry of roguery was raised, and the Company could not sell its bonds at 72½ per cent.

It is high time that the general principle should be adopted by all leading roads, and understood by the public, that new construction can not come out of earnings, but must be represented by new bonds or stock; and that so long as the new bonds or stock represent actual property judiciously acquired, and at a fair cost, they rather enhance than diminish the value of the original investment. It must be remembered that our roads, at best, are only half built. They only cost, on the average, $40,000 a mile, while the English roads, with iron and labor vastly cheaper, cost $170,000 a mile, and the French roads $101,000 a mile. A road like the Erie, which, with the leased lines, stands in its present owners about $50,000,000, would be represented, if an English line, by over $100,000,000 of securities of various kinds. So long as the country is increasing in population and traffic the construction-account of no leading line can ever be closed. It will need every year to spend money in increasing its facilities for the transaction of business, and this money will have to be raised by an increase either of capital or of funded debt. But such increase ought never to prevent dividends on the capital of the previous year, if they have been fairly earned. Nor should such dividends, if fairly earned, subject the managers to suspicions of dishonest administration, though declared simultaneously with the sale for cash of new stock or bonds.

Another and not less important prerequisite to the establishment of railroad credit on a sound basis is a higher standard of mercantile honor among railroad directors. At present many leading railway directors are among the most active speculators in their own stocks—"bulling" and "bearing" them alternately, and using their influence as directors to insure the success of their private speculations. This is all wrong. A railway director is a trustee of the property over which he is set, and has no more right to make money out of dealings in that property than a guardian to make money by speculating in the property of his ward. In Ohio purchases by a director of stock under par in the railroad he directs are absolutely void.

A suit has lately been commenced in one of our courts against a leading railway director, in which the plaintiff claims heavy damages by reason, as he alleges, of the depreciation of the value of his property by the "bear" speculations of the defendant. We can not tell how this case may result. But we venture to predict that the first railway stockholder who can establish in court that the market-price of his stock was altered by the speculations of a director of the road will obtain exemplary damages from a jury. It matters not whether the speculating director made or lost money by his operations. He had no right at all to speculate in the property of which he was trustee: and if he did so speculate, he is responsible personally to the *cestui que trust* for all damages.

This evil must be remedied before railway securities command as high and as steady a price, in proportion to their productiveness, as bank or insurance shares, or national, State, or city bonds.

THE ENGLISH ELECTIONS.

England is now engaged in a parliamentary election, and the Prime Minister, Lord Palmerston, will be eighty-one years old before the new Parliament meets. A change of ministry is therefore impending. Shall there be also a change of policy? It is a peculiarity of British statesmanship, and it is claimed as one of its chief praises, that it avoids principles. It deals with expediencies and policies. A natural result is, that skillful and sagacious men give names to parties which have no other policy than the shrewdness of the leader may dictate as questions arise. This is especially the case at the present time. Lord Palmerston is technically a Whig, and his party is, in a loose general sense, the liberal party. But the true liberals, Bright and Forster in Parliament, Mill and Tom Hughes and Goldwin Smith out of Parliament, feel toward Palmerston very much as the ardent *Tribune* party in this country feel toward Mr. Thurlow Weed. The Palmerston policy has been a happy-go-lucky waiting upon Providence. It may be accurately described as Micawberism, or a good-humored disbelief in every thing and a cheerful waiting for what may turn up. Now Wilkins Micawber in private life is an amusing but not a respectable figure. In public life he becomes a doubtful and dangerous one. The position of England during and since the Crimean war is not noble or dignified. The policy of peace at any price may very easily compel a nation, like an individual, to buy quiet with honor. Palmerston has been a Voltaire in politics. Compared with Peel, who had profound sagacity and Saxon pluck so that he dared to change his whole policy—or with Canning, who had the fine genius of a statesman, Palmerston is a mere pettifogger in politics. No nation of which he was the representative man could expect to be honored by the world. It could not write upon his tombstone, "Here lies the great Minister who made England more terrible and more glorious." It could only say of him, "This pleasant gentleman luckily tided us over some rough places."

There is a general conviction that Mr. Gladstone is expecting to step into Palmerston's shoes. But Mr. Gladstone, a most accomplished scholar, a man of ample public experience, with the instincts of a liberal statesman, and the finest orator in England, is a very different person from Lord Palmerston. Mr. Gladstone believes something, in the first place. He has some clear perception of the value of principles, in the second. But he is timid, ambitious, and a High Churchman, with a certain intellectual fastidiousness which incapacitates him from inspiring deep popular enthusiasm. At present he is known as a Peelite, or liberal of a certain school, and is the member for the University of Oxford. But that really Tory constituency finds it a little difficult to reconcile Mr. Gladstone as their representative with Lord Derby, the Tory chief, as their Chancellor. Vigorous efforts are making to unseat him, but his friends feel sure that they have the necessary votes for him.

Should Mr. Gladstone come into power as the successor of Lord Palmerston, or as the leader of the House of Commons in a Ministry with Earl Russell as chief, we have no reason to fear that the British foreign policy, so far as we are concerned, will be changed. Mr. Gladstone did indeed speak of Jefferson Davis as having "created a nation." But his opinion was the result of a serious conviction that no government in the world was strong enough to subdue such a rebellion, and that the texture of ours was much too loose to endure such a strain. He now frankly confesses his mistake. He is willing to learn, and we have taught the member for Oxford a lesson which the leader of the Commons or the Prime Minister of England is not likely to forget.

Among other candidates Americans will gladly hear of John Stuart Mill, who stands for Westminster, and Thomas Hughes, for Lambeth. Mr. Mason Jones, who made some sensation in this country as a lecturer three or four years since, has just been defeated at the election for a vacancy in Coventry. Mr. Jones seems to have had no special weight in the canvass, although he polled a large vote. He is not, we should imagine, the kind of man most agreeable to a British constituency.

Mr. Mill is too independent and radical a thinker and author to be very sure of an election. Moreover, he has disdained all courtship of his constituency. He would neither spend his money nor his time to secure his election, and has been in France most of the time since his nomination. Mr. Hughes has, we learn, a fair chance of success, of which we are sincerely glad. He is a sound, sensible, friendly Englishman. The excitement of the canvass has already begun. We observe a riot at a great meeting at Nottingham, which could be suppressed only by the military. Do our British critics wish us to find in that event, as they do in every similar incident here, a proof of the absurd character of the institutions of the country?

THE INEFFICACY OF BLARNEY.

Firmness is entirely consistent with conciliation. It is very desirable that there should be no wanton provocation of any kind any where. It would be truly delightful that all men should dwell together in unity. We should gladly record, and our friends and co-laborers, the artists of this paper, would illustrate with their utmost skill, the pleasing fact that lions and lambs were living upon the most amicable terms, and that "our misguided brethren" at the South were lost in penitential amazement at the crime of secession and the wickedness of rebellion against an equal government of laws, made by the common consent.

But the fact is that they are not penitent. The truth is that they are conquered only, not converted. We defy any constant and faithful reader of the various accounts from the late insurrectionary States to declare himself to be convinced that the mass of their population have changed their views of the character of the United States Government. They believed in State Sovereignty. They have tried to assert it by arms and have failed. Do they renounce their faith? They maintained slavery. They defended it on every ground. Slavery has been abolished. Do they believe it to be wrong? South Carolina shook her fist at the Union more than thirty years ago. Congress compromised the difficulty. Has South Carolina ever been loyal since that time? She has now endeavored to achieve what she then threatened. The failure is palpable. Is the feeling changed?

It is idle to assume that the exasperation, the studied and traditional jealousy and hate of the slave interest toward the Union, which has been sedulously fostered for thirty years, has suddenly disappeared because the Union has proved itself to be the stronger. If the brain that settles is not as strong and firm as the sword that subdues, the vanquished win the victory. And it should be clearly understood that reference to history is not recrimination. If, for instance, we refer, as we did recently, to the views of Mr. Boyce, of South Carolina, five years ago, we do it not from any hostility to Mr. Boyce, but from the most enduring hostility to the spirit in which he was educated, and from a profound conviction that political power should be very guardedly confided to such hands. Believing that the spirit of which he was an illustration—the spirit of Calhoun, of Jefferson Davis, of Toombs, Wigfall, Breckinridge, and Mason—is hateful to the genius of equal rights and fatal to American institutions, we shall hold it to be a sacred duty to expose it always and as plainly as we can. It blinded our fathers, and it will try to blind their children. It betrayed us four years ago, and it will betray us again whenever it can. It is a spirit which eighty-five years of peace and four years of war have taught us is implacable, and the American people are fools if they try to propitiate it.

We trust, therefore, that, while we are all grateful for "the crowning mercy" of the defeat of this spirit in the field, we shall be only the more resolved that it shall be equally defeated at the polls and in Congress. But this result will not be accomplished by mere exultation. It is not very sagacious to shout, "They're whipped, and they know it. They'll give no more trouble." We remember that, on the 9th of May, 1864, General Butler telegraphed to Secretary Stanton, "Lieutenant-General Grant will not be troubled with any further reinforcements to Lee from Beauregard's forces." It was General Butler's sincere conviction. Yet at that very moment Beauregard was marching by his flank, and *did* reinforce Lee. So when we are disposed to say that the late rebels entirely accept the situation, and are only anxious to be reconciled to the Government and kiss and make friends, let us send out a scouting suspicion or two to discover whether they may not be marching by our flank.

It is very desirable that business should revive; that the Southern crops should be brought to market; that immigration should flow into the desolated States; that correspondence and friendly communication should be established. But it is much more desirable and important that these things should be soundly and safely done than that they should be done speedily. Industrial prosperity we have had before, and it did not save us. If we rebuild that prosperity hurriedly and unwisely it will topple down again in the same ruin. It is unnecessary, as it is wrong, uselessly to call hard names. But we must let our yea be yea, and our nay, nay. This country has suffered enough from cowardice calling itself conciliation, and servility claiming to be conservatism. Henceforth it can step safely only if it stands straight. Our future is bright and sure if we choose to make it so. And to do that we need only temperate minds, firm and heroic measures, plain and faithful words. If we try to step on the blarney-stone we shall certainly slip up.

A CONFUSED GOVERNOR.

Hon. James Johnson, Provisional Governor of the United States for the State of Georgia, has recently made a speech at Savannah. The Governor says that he has been appointed simply to enable the Georgians to form a government. It is very fortunate that he is to do no more, as he has evidently a very confused conception of the situation.

Thus the Governor says that "the people of the Confederate States find themselves without government." Will the Governor explain what are "the Confederate States," and who are their people?

He adds that "War has existed between the United States and the South." Will the Governor inform us where "the South" is situated, which he thus describes as a power foreign to his country?

Governor Johnson also says: "The slaves, upon the surrender of our armies, were captured legally, if not actually." Mr. Johnson is a citizen of the United States. His authority as Governor is derived from the United States. It is supported by the army of the United States. When, therefore, he speaks of the surrender of "our" armies, what does he mean? Does he, a sworn officer of the United States, call the late rebel forces "our armies?" If so, what does Governor Johnson call the armies of the United States?

GARDNER'S PHOTOGRAPHS.

The present perfection of the art of photography enables an illustrated paper like ours to depict persons and events with the utmost precision. During the war, now happily ended, we have been in the daily receipt of the greatest variety of views and portraits from all the armies and from every part of the country, so that we have been enabled from these and from the sketches of our artists to construct a truly exact and living history of the time. Among our photographic friends and allies none have been more constant and serviceable than Mr. Alexander Gardner, of Washington. It is to his skill that we owe the interesting and accurate views we print to-day of the ceremonies at Gettysburg on the Fourth of July, when the corner-stone of the monument was laid in memory of the fallen brave. The orator of the occasion, General Howard, whose portrait, from a photograph by Mr. Gardner, is included in the illustrations, is one of the historic heroes of the war. Conspicuous at the battle of Gettysburg, where he lost an arm, he was subsequently distinguished as a corps commander in the great march of Sherman, and is now Chief of the Freedmen's Bureau. General Howard is thus identified with two of the most decisive military events of the war, and with one of the most important and responsible services created by it.

But Mr. Gardner's photographic operations are not limited to the war, and its scenes and soldiers. He has sent a corps to South America; and in a series of two hundred views, called "Rays of Light from South America," he presents a collection of most valuable and striking scenes. The various guano islands and the methods of procuring and shipping their rich deposits, the manners and customs of the people, the venerable and picturesque cathedrals and other public buildings, the romantic passages of famous scenery, are all vividly and accurately reproduced.

These pictures, under the title named, will be issued in a volume about the first of August by Messrs. Philp & Solomons, of Washington, and with them the striking series of War Views under the title of "Memories of the Rebellion." Their value is apparent. Mr. Gardner does not confine his work to such subjects as we have mentioned. His rooms in Washington are a portrait gallery of noted persons, executed in every style of the art, from the *carte de visite* to the imperial photograph; and it gives us pleasure to commend the skill, enterprise, and fidelity with which his business is conducted.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

Although the army of the Potomac has ceased to exist as an organization, there are a considerable number of troops who have not been mustered out, and who have been consolidated into a new Provisional Corps. This corps consists of three divisions, and each division of three brigades. These divisions consist respectively of the consolidated troops of the three original army corps—the Sixth, Second, and Fifth—of which the army of the Potomac was composed before it marched from Culpepper on its last grand campaign. These divisions are denominated respectively the First, Second, and Third, and are officered, as well as composed, out of the old corps they severally represent, as will be seen by the following schedule:

First Division, from Sixth Corps.—Brevet Major-General G. W. Getty, commanding division. First brigade, Brigadier-General T. Seymour, commanding. Second brigade, Brevet Major-General Frank Wheaton, commanding. Third brigade, Brigadier-General J. E. Hamblin, commanding.

Second Division, from Second Corps.—Brevet Major-General Gershom Mott, commanding division. First brigade, Brigadier-General R. De Trobriand, commanding. Second brigade, General B. R. Pierce, commanding. Third brigade, Brevet Major-General G. N. Macy, commanding.

Third Division, from Sixth Corps.—Brevet Major-General R. B. Ayres, commanding division. First brigade, Brigadier-General J. L. Chamberlain, commanding. Second brigade, Brigadier-General Henry Baxter, commanding. Third brigade, Brigadier-General Joseph Hayes, commanding.

General Wright commands this corps.

THE GETTYSBURG MONUMENT.

The corner-stone of the Soldiers' Monument in the National Cemetery at Gettysburg, was laid July 4, by Grand-Master Scott, of the Grand Lodge of Masons of Pennsylvania. The box containing the documents for deposit in the stone was of heavy tin, and the contributions of each State were inclosed in separate and smaller boxes, all held by the larger. The list of documents and coins deposited was very large, but as it is not yet complete, the Board of Commissioners withhold its publication for the present. The following is a technical description of the monument:

"The superstructure is sixty feet high, and consists of a massive pedestal twenty-five feet square at the base, and is crowned with a colossal statue representing the Genius of Liberty. Standing upon a three-quarter globe, she raises with her right hand the victor's wreath of laurel, while with her left she gathers up the folds of our national flag under which the victory has been won. Projecting from the angles of the pedestal are four buttresses, supporting an equal number of allegorical statues, representing respectively War, History, Peace, and Plenty. War is personified by a statue of the American soldier, who, resting from the conflict, relates to History the story of the battle which this monument is intended to commemorate. History, in listening attitude, records with stylus and tablet the achievements of the field, and the names of the honored dead. Peace is symbolized by a statue of the American mechanic, characterized by appropriate accessories. Plenty is represented by a female figure, with a sheaf of wheat and fruits of the earth, typifying peace and abundance as the soldiers' crowning triumph. The panels of the main die between the statues are to have inscribed upon them such inscriptions as may hereafter be determined. The main die of the pedestal is octagonal in form, paneled upon each face. The cornice and plinth above are also octagonal, and are heavily moulded. Upon this plinth rests an octagonal moulded base, bearing upon its face, in high relief, the national arms. The upper die and cap are circular in form, the die being encircled by stars equal in number with the States whose sons contributed their lives as the price of the victory won at Gettysburg."

JEFF DAVIS'S DISGUISE.

In regard to the disguise assumed by Jeff Davis, and in which he was captured, the *Army and Navy Journal* has the following: "The question as to the attempt of Jeff Davis to escape in a woman's cloak and shawl would seem to be set finally at rest—even for those who refuse to believe the sworn testimony before the War Department—by the publication of several descriptions of the affair from rebel sources. These confirm Colonel Pritchard's account, and amply refute the slander that the story is an official invention. A collateral bit of evidence comes to us, in the description given by the officer sent to take possession of the water-proof and shawl, of his interview with the Davis party. The ladies refusing to point out which was the proper shawl, the wrong one was taken, but the mistake was corrected by the little son of Davis, who called out, 'That isn't the shawl my pa was taken in,' which may be accepted as, at least, circumstantial evidence to the fact that there was a shawl in the case."

NEWS ITEMS.

The Army of the Tennessee has been reduced by 15,000 men.

The whole of the rebel prisoners at Point Lookout were set at liberty on Friday, June 30. We have now no rebel prisoners under the rank of Colonel, except a few hospital cases.

Acting Rear-Admiral S. P. Lee has reduced the Mississippi Squadron to the peace basis. Fifteen vessels are retained in the inland service of the Government. The *Tempest* is to be the flag-ship, and the transport *General Lyon*, tow-boats *Sampson* and *Brown*, and tug *Thistle*, are attached to her.

Lieutenant-General Grant took part, on the Fourth, in the ceremony of presenting to the Governor of New York, at Albany, about two hundred battle-flags, borne by regiments of the State during the war.

It is announced that General Hooker will shortly supersede General Dix in the command of the Department of the East, the head-quarters of which are in this city.

The President gave an audience Saturday, July 8, to a deputation of Virginians who wished him to so alter the Amnesty Proclamation as to dispense with the clause which excludes from its benefits persons who are worth more than $20,000. The President, after a free and plain conversation, said he would look at the papers which they presented, but so far he had seen no reason for removing the exception.

Previous to the burial of the conspirators in Washington the name of each of the parties was written on slips of paper, and placed in small bottles, which were deposited in their coffins. This is a somewhat novel, although a very secure plan. Should it become necessary, at any future time, to identify the remains of either, there will be no difficulty.

The rebel ex-Governor Letcher, of Virginia, lately confined in the Old Capital Prison in Washington, has been released on parole.

Governor Brownlow, of Tennessee, has issued a proclamation declaring the "Franchise law" the supreme law of the State. He denounces all those as rebels who attempt to oppose its execution, and calls upon the civil authorities to arrest all persons who, under the pretense of being candidates for Congress, are advising the people to nullify the Constitution and laws, and stirring up rebellion and sedition.

It was announced that Ford's Theatre, in Washington, the house in which President Lincoln was murdered, would be opened to the public on Monday night, July 10, and that the drama of the "Octoroon" would be played there. The War Department, fearing a disturbance, forbade the performance and closed the theatre.

A man named Stewart, a notorious bounty-jumper, has been arrested for the murder of the Joyce children at Roxbury, Massachusetts.

During the month of June 15,569 men were accommodated with quarters by Colonel Colyer at the State Soldiers' Dépôt. On the Fourth of July 5068 men, besides 144 cripples, were provided with dinner.

The State election in Kentucky is to take place on the 7th of August. A Treasurer is to be chosen, nine members of Congress, a Legislature, and a Justice of the Supreme Court for the Third District, in place of Judge Bullitt, removed. The issue in controversy is the ratification of the amendment to the Federal Constitution respecting slavery.

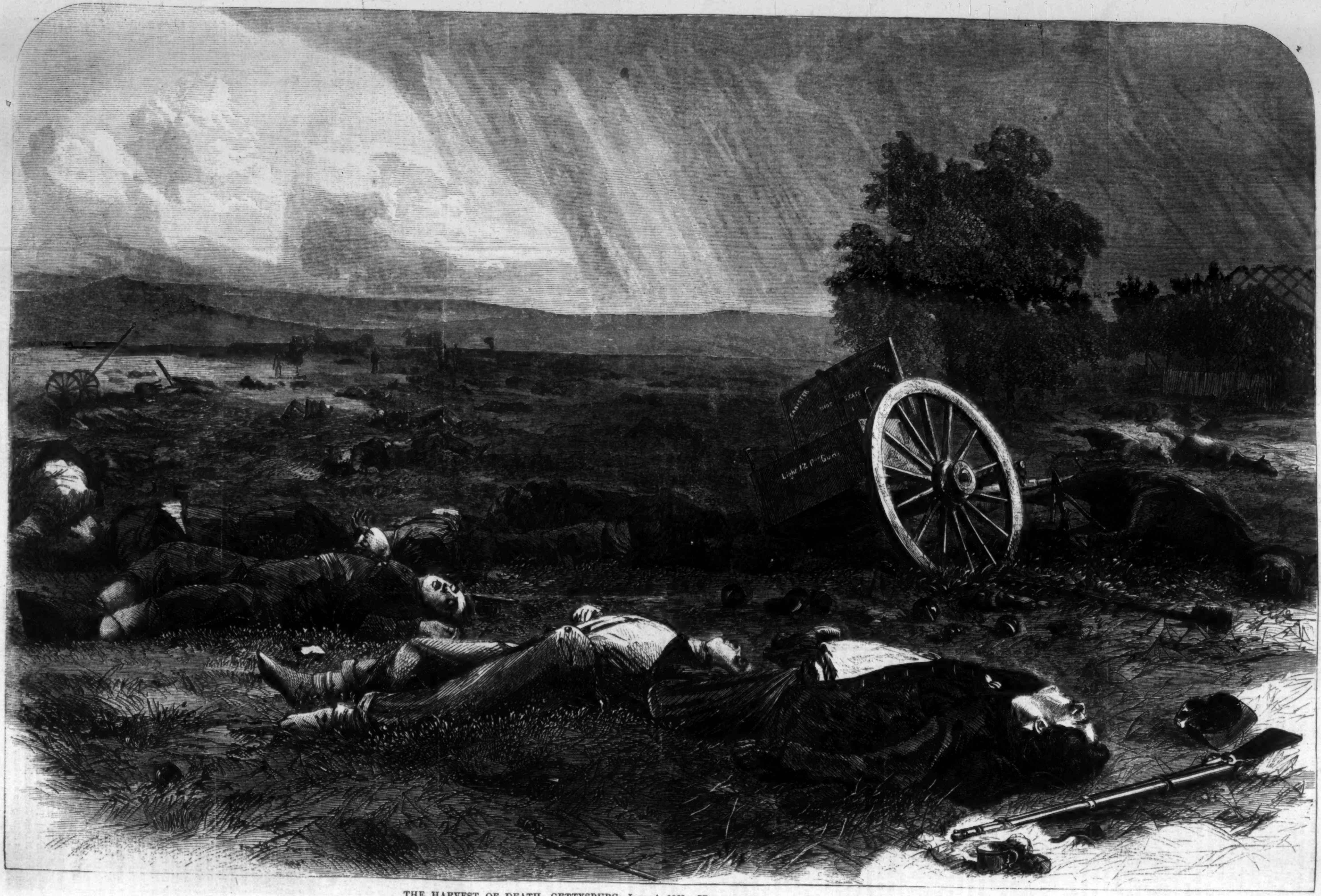
FOREIGN NEWS.

The British Parliament was to be dissolved July 6. In the mean time there was much excitement in relation to the coming elections. The House of Lords, on Lord Derby's motion, has rejected, by a majority of 21, the bill passed by the House of Commons to modify the oath required of Catholic members of Parliament.

The *Great Eastern* anchored in the Nore on the evening of June 24, and was being rapidly supplied with coal.

The United States Five-Twenties have reached 72 in the London market.

The Pope has rejected the conditions proposed by the Italian Government. He has also refused the demand of the French embassy, that the Pontifical army should be commanded by General Montebello. The Pope appears also to have broken with Maximilian


Light 12 Pdr Gun

THE HARVEST OF DEATH—GETTYSBURG, JULY 4, 1863.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY A. GARDNER, WASHINGTON.]

THE GETTYSBURG MONUMENT.

CONSECRATED JULY 4, 1865.

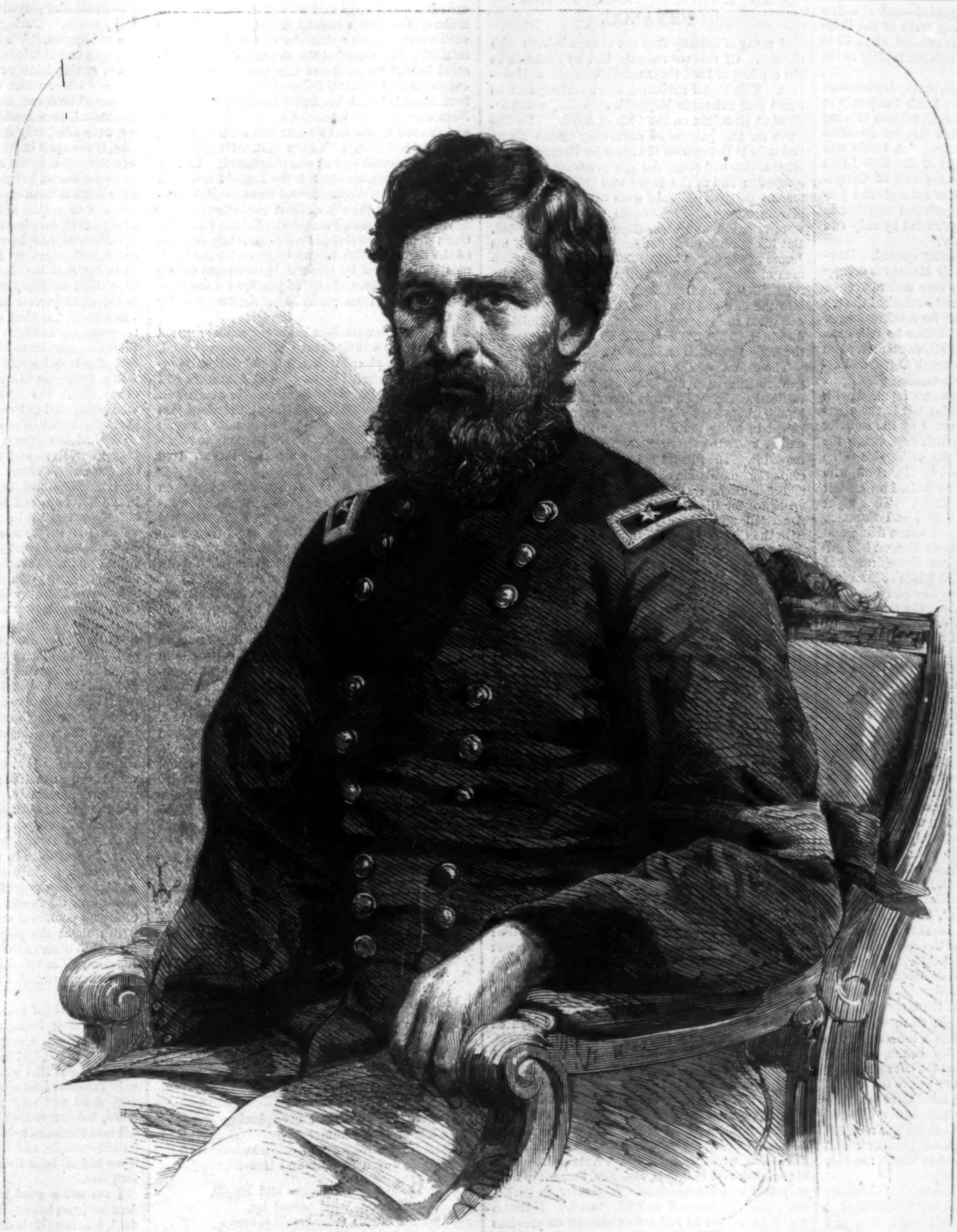
IN our last Number we gave an illustration of the Soldiers' National Cemetery at Gettysburg, and printed Colonel HALPINE's eloquent poem. This week we give further illustrations of the Battle and of the late Celebration.

The battle of Gettysburg, fought on the 1st, 2d, and 3d of July, 1863, was a critical battle, and was the first very decisive contest of the war. The victory gained by General MEADE stood not alone, but was paralleled by a simultaneous success at Vicksburg—just as important and just as decisive. Notwithstanding the whining appeal, periodically emanating from the rebel executive, that the war undertaken by the Southern revolution was for self-defense and to maintain the right of self-government, it is a historic fact that it was from the first aggressive, and only ceased to be such when the forces of the rebels had been so thoroughly exhausted as to make them powerless for offense. After the unprovoked assault upon Sumter the excited emotions of the rebels found a single voice: "*Washington must be assailed and captured!*" The fate of Washington, it was reiterated, must be the fate of Carthage. She must be destroyed. But for President LINCOLN's promptness, and the generous patriotism of the people, this catastrophe would have fallen upon us early in 1861. The next year a formidable blow aimed at Richmond for a few months absorbed the attention of the rebel government. But when M'CLELLAN's grand expedition, at first so confident and apparently so strong, failed of its object, suffering a most memorable defeat, then the design of the Richmond authorities against the national capital was again renewed. The battles of Antietam and South Mountain again saved us. In the year 1863 General LEE, who had now assumed the command of the rebel army in the place of JOSEPH E. JOHNSTON, projected a new and still more formidable invasion and with the same object. The fate of this gigantic project was decided by the battle of Gettysburg.

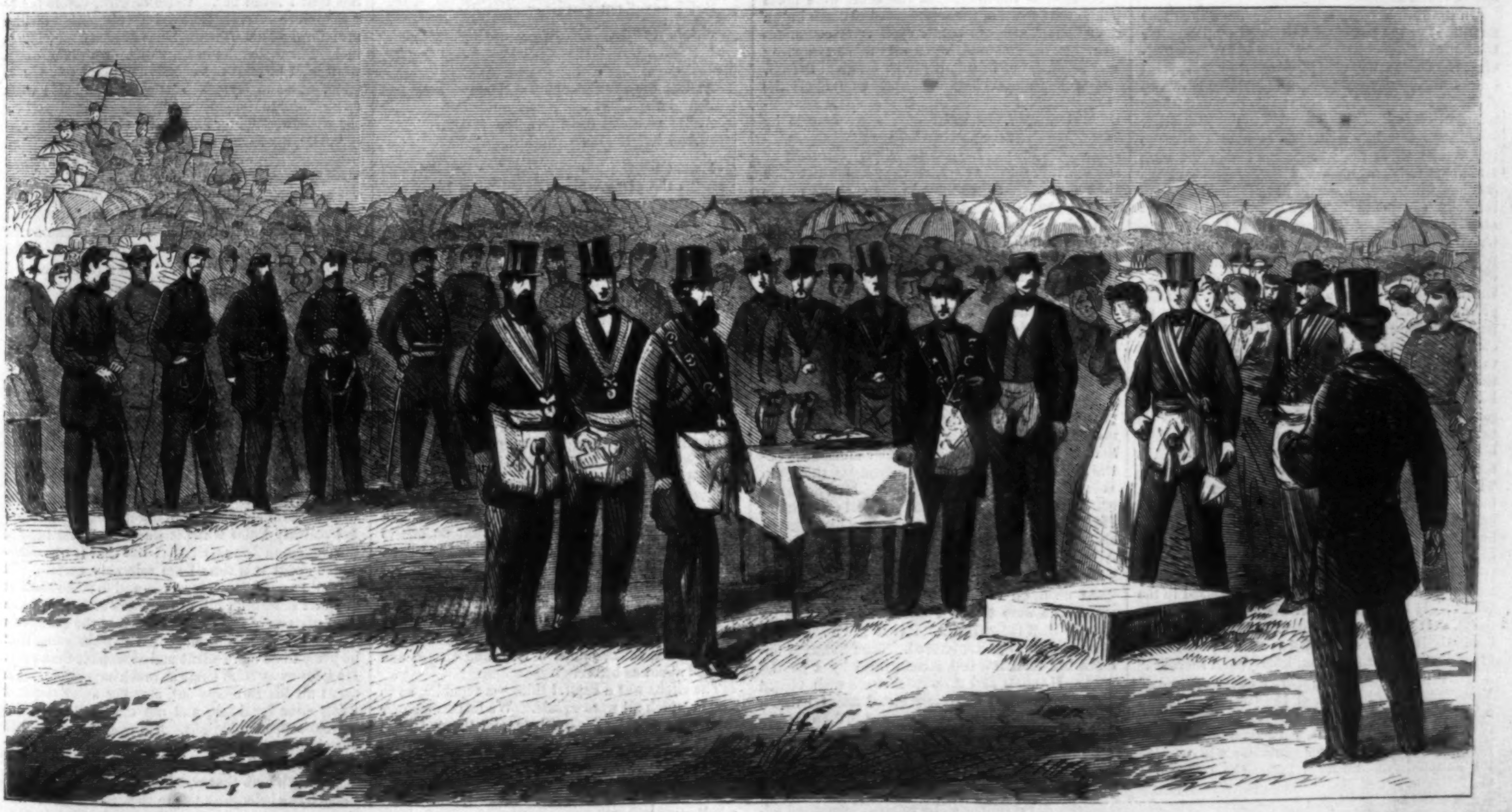
In the first place, General LEE failed to carry out the strategic conception of his campaign. He had intended by manœuvres east of the Blue Ridge to lead General HOOKER to uncover the approaches to Washington.—General HOOKER, on the other hand, fell back in such a manner as to cover those approaches. This deprived the rebel commander of the advantages which he had hoped to gain from his excellent force of cavalry under General STUART. A new element also appeared to frustrate LEE's original design. This was PLEASANTON's cavalry, which, under a vigorous leader, so crippled STUART's force as to prevent the latter from performing the part which had been assigned to it. It is not improbable that, his first plan being foiled, General LEE would have withdrawn but for the urgent pressure of the rebel government urging him to push his army boldly northward into Maryland and Pennsylvania. The theory in this new plan was to draw the United States army to a distance from the capital, and seizing the first favorable moment, to defeat HOOKER and pursue his shattered army into Washington.—This was a repetition of the campaign of 1862, and might have been successful if the United States army had conducted itself in a manner suitable to General LEE's designs. But it refused to be outmanœuvred; and thus it happened that, after consuming much valuable time, LEE was at last compelled to give up manœuvre and rest his chances for success upon the result of a hard-fought battle, in which his army would measure its strength with that of the United States.

The rebel army broke camp at Fredericksburg on the 3d of June, and on the 24th crossed the Potomac—not east of the Blue Ridge as was intended, but at Shephardstown and Williamsport, encamping three days afterward at Chambersburg. This army was estimated at over one hundred thousand of all arms.

At this point LEE was painfully embarrassed by the absence of STUART's cavalry, which PLEASANTON's prompt and vigorous operations had put out of the field. The movement of LEE's entire army up the valley could no longer be regarded as a manœuvre—



MAJOR-GENERAL OLIVER O. HOWARD.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY GARDNER, WASHINGTON.]



LAYING THE CORNER-STONE OF THE SOLDIERS' MONUMENT AT GETTYSBURG, JULY 4, 1865.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY GARDNER, AND PUBLISHED BY PHILP & SOLOMONS, WASHINGTON.]

as the previous movement of Ewell's force to Chambersburg had been justly regarded—and Hooker immediately marched *his* army north of the Potomac. The whole country was aroused, and militia from half a dozen States was moving rapidly to the scene of action.

On the 28th of June Hooker's army lay between Harper's Ferry and Frederick; Lee's was partly at Chambersburg, with an advanced column moving on Gettysburg. At this crisis General Hooker was relieved by General Meade. A battle was now imminent. On the night of the 29th Lee's advance occupied the mountains east of Gettysburg. Within twenty-four hours the greater portion of the rebel army was gathered together in the vicinity of Gettysburg, confronted by only two corps of the United States army.

On the 1st of July the conflict opened. Reynolds, who had been ordered by Meade to occupy Gettysburg, had drawn up his men under cover of Seminary Ridge, and immediately attacked the enemy, sending, at the same time, for reinforcements. Scarcely had the action begun before he fell, mortally wounded. Soon General Howard arrived on the field with part of the Eleventh Corps, and assumed the command. Notwithstanding the disparity of the forces engaged Howard repulsed with success the assaults of the rebels; but in the afternoon, his right flank being turned by the superior numbers of the enemy, he withdrew through the town to Cemetery Hill, on the other side—the southwest—where he was joined by Hancock, who took the command, and easily repulsed an assault on his right flank toward evening. That night Slocum, with the Twelfth Corps, and Sickles, with a part of the Third, arrived on the field; and before the dawn of the 2d General Meade himself had reached the front, and the rest of the army was expeditiously brought up. The whole of Meade's army was now disposed in the Cemetery and the grounds adjacent, stretching along the ridges which run southeast and southwest, encircling the town in the form of a crescent. Lee's army occupied opposite ridges, about a mile and a half distant, and overlapping either flank of Meade. It was not until Sedgwick came up with the Sixth Corps, a little after noon, that Meade's army reached an equality in point of numbers with that of his antagonist; but his position was one of great strength. The Second and Fifth Corps had come up in the morning.

In the middle of the afternoon on the 2d the contest was reopened. Under cover of a furious cannonade the rebel forces were massed and hurled against Sickles's corps on the left, which was thrust back by the shock, but was promptly supported by the Second and Fifth, and the enemy was driven back in confusion after a struggle which lasted till sunset. As late as eight o'clock in the evening the enemy attempted to drive the Eleventh Corps from its lodgment on Cemetery Hill, but was repulsed with severe loss. The only advantage gained by the enemy during the day was the success of General Ewell in obtaining a foothold within our lines on the right when Meade had depleted his force to resist the assaults against his left.

On the morning of the 3d Ewell was driven back by General Geary. Then there was a lull until half past one o'clock, when a cannonade was opened, heavier than on the day before, and Lee again hurled his columns against the left and centre. The cannonade lasted two hours before the assault was made. The onset of the rebel force was gallant and desperate, and was principally directed against the Second Corps. The shock was received without a waver, though General Hancock and Gibbon were both wounded, and at length the enemy was routed and utterly defeated.

In this battle Lee lost fully one-third of his whole army. On the morning of the 4th he commenced rapidly to retreat, leaving nearly eight thousand wounded to the care of Meade's army. Meade's loss in round numbers was 23,000.

On the 19th of November, a little more than four months after the battle, the National Cemetery for the burial of those who fell in the fight was consecrated. On that occasion an elaborate and eloquent oration was pronounced by the Honorable Edward Everett, who has since gone to his rest, and whose name will be forever associated with this memorial.

On the 4th of July, 1865, just two years after the battle, and when the war for the Union had been triumphantly concluded, the corner-stone of the Soldiers' Monument was laid in the Cemetery with imposing ceremonies. There were present Generals Meade, Howard, Mott, Sykes, Doubleday, Crawford, Geary, and Robinson, who participated in the memorable conflict on this field. General Howard delivered an impressive oration, the theme of which was the trials and sacrifices of the private soldier. In the course of his address he paid a touching memorial to his "friend and trusted commander, General Reynolds." He alluded also to the connection of Everett and Lincoln with the previous consecration. "These grounds," said he, "have been already consecrated, and are doubly sacred from the memory of our brethren who lie here, and from the association with those remarkable men, Mr. Everett and Mr. Lincoln, who gave tone to the exercises of consecration two years ago, whose own bodies are now resting beneath the sod; but whose spirit is still living and unmistakably animating every true American heart this day. We have now been called to lay the corner-stone of a monument. This monument is not a mere family record—not the simple memorial of individual fame, nor the silent tribute to genius. It is raised to the soldier. It is a memorial of his life and his noble death. It embraces a patriotic brotherhood of heroes in its inscriptions, and is an unceasing herald of labor, suffering, union, liberty, and sacrifice."

After the battle of Gettysburg and the capture of Vicksburg the exhaustion of the vital forces of the rebellion went on with great rapidity. The Fourth of July, 1863, may fairly be considered the turning-point of the war. And for generations to come, as the national anniversary returns, the battle-field of Gettysburg and its monuments will be newly consecrated by our people.

AN ENGLISH LORD DOING PENANCE.

A scion of nobility does not always behave with dignity. Of this we recently had an example in the conduct of Lord Charles Beresford at Honolulu. This model nobleman was a midshipman on board Her Britannic Majesty's ship *Clio*, which arrived at Honolulu on the 15th of April. The *Clio* came for the purpose of conveying Queen Emma and suite to Panama on the route for Europe. Lord Beresford had congenial spirits among the ship's company; and as the vessel was lying in port numerous petty expeditions were carried out against private citizens. Sign-boards and barbers' poles were removed, and other depredations committed. But his Lordship was not satisfied to leave off his jocose career before he had shown the world a specimen of British audacity in the way of national insolence. So one night, with his associates, he came into the city and stole the American eagle which decorated the entrance to the American Minister's dwelling. The next day, after an extensive search, the eagle was found on board the *Clio*.

The captain of the vessel, Mr. Tournour, more gentlemanly than his Lordship, commanded that restitution should be made in a manner somewhat humiliating to the young nobleman, who was compelled to bring the eagle ashore in open day and nail it upon the gateway from which he had removed it. The illustration on our first page represents the humiliation of the English middy, who, in addition to the restitution, was also compelled to apologize for his conduct. On the left hand the American minister may be seen in conversation with the Captain, his face fronting the reader.

But there was a pertinacity about the young lord's insolence that is truly characteristic. The *Clio* sailed May 6. The night before she left another insult was offered to the United States Legation. A mob of sailors and officers went through the streets singing "The Bonnie Blue Flag" and "John Brown" with a chorus somewhat different from the original. A part of the mob stopped in front of the Legation and used language too disgusting to be repeated. Fortunately the American Minister was absent, and thus escaped the insult which had been prepared for him. There is something, we think, in Lord Beresford's cheap insolence which is very characteristic of the aristocracy which he represents.

THE END OF THE CONSPIRATORS.

On Wednesday, July 5, sentence was passed upon the conspirators connected with the murder of President Lincoln, and the same day was approved by President Johnson. According to the terms of this sentence Harold, Atzerott, Payne, and Mrs. Surratt were condemned to be hung; O'Laughlin, Arnold, and Dr. Mudd to be imprisoned for life; and Spangler to be confined in the Penitentiary at Albany at hard labor for six years.

The execution of the sentence was one of the most summary on record. The sentence was made known to the prisoners on Thursday, the 6th, and the very next day, at half past one o'clock, those sentenced to be hung were launched into eternity.

It was about noon on Thursday that General Hartraupt read to the prisoners their sentence, in General Hancock's presence. Payne, whose real name is Lewis Thornton Powell, received the intelligence of his fate with composure, evidently expecting nothing else. He requested the spiritual advice of Dr. Stracker, a Baptist clergyman of Baltimore, which was granted. Atzerott, on the other hand, and Harold, and Mrs. Surratt, were surprised at their sentence. Atzerott, in particular, was discomposed and frightened. Harold was calmer than he had shown himself on previous occasions.

As soon as the findings of the court were made public the friends of those sentenced to death began their importunities to obtain reprieve or commutation. In the case of Mrs. Surratt much sympathy was excited, not in behalf of the criminal herself, but of her unfortunate daughter, who made the most persistent and heart-rending pleas for her condemned mother. Similar efforts were made by Harold's sisters to obtain a respite for their brother. Mrs. Surratt asked for a postponement of her sentence for four days, on the ground that such time was needful according to the customs of the Roman Catholic Church for penitential exercises. But this privilege was refused. Not succeeding in gaining their object by supplication, Mrs. Surratt's friends had recourse to the writ of *habeas corpus*, which was obtained from R. J. Meigs, Clerk of the District. This had no effect. To have admitted the force of the writ would have been an admission of the illegality of the military trial.

By night, on Thursday, the scaffold had been erected in the south yard of the old Penitentiary building, in which the prisoners were confined. That night was a wretched one for the condemned prisoners. Until nearly midnight they were attended by their friends or spiritual advisers. Anna Surratt remained with her mother almost the entire night. Payne bore up with firmness, though in the morning he refused to take food. Mrs. Surratt suffered much from mental and physical prostration. Harold, comforted by the presence of his sisters—six in number—got some rest toward morning. Atzerott was wholly unnerved, and having passed a sleepless night, had no relish for a morning repast.

At noon, on Friday, Payne and his three associates who were to suffer death had their last interview with their friends. Payne had no relatives near enough to be summoned. Miss Surratt entered her mother's cell accompanied by a gentleman. Harold and Atzerott were each visited by a sister. The interview lasted about half an hour, when the lady visitors, dressed in deep mourning, issued from the inner door.

At one o'clock the heavy door leading from the prison to the court-yard was opened, and the procession to the scaffold commenced. First came Mrs. Surratt, supported by two gentlemen and followed by her two spiritual advisers, one of whom carried a small cross and a book of prayer. The limbs of the victim seemed to fail her, and it was with great difficulty that she was assisted to the scaffold. She ascended the steps, her hands manacled behind her, and her face wearing a ghastly expression. Atzerott followed, his hands and feet both shackled, and his knees quaking with fear. Next came Payne, manacled in the same manner, and dressed in the navy pants and collarless shirt which he had worn during the trial. He alone was fearless, remorseless, and unembarrassed. Last of the four, Harold mounted the scaffold and took his seat between Atzerott and Payne—Mrs. Surratt sitting on the other side of the latter.

When they were all seated Mr. Gillett and Dr. Olds stepped forward, and each separately expressed the thanks of Payne and Harold for the kindness shown them by General Hartraupt during their confinement, and offered prayers for the prisoners. Mr. Butler performed a similar office for Atzerott.

The prisoners were then led to the ropes prepared for them; then their arms and legs were bound, and the noose placed over the head of each, no resistance being offered by any. But Atzerott still quaked with a fear which was terrible to witness. Then the cap was adjusted, and at nearly half past one the trap was sprung and the four bodies swung in the air. With Mrs. Surratt there was no struggle, as there was with the others. Payne lived six minutes and a half.

There were about three thousand soldiers on guard, posted on the walls overlooking the prison-yard, and about the avenues of approach. General Hancock had issued about two hundred tickets admitting spectators. After the execution the court-yard was cleared, and the bodies were taken down and buried in the coffins prepared for them.

Since the execution a confession of Atzerott is reported as having been prepared by one who had known the prisoner since his arrest. According to this confession Atzerott was born in Prussia in 1835, and came to this country with his parents in 1844. He was engaged for some time in the coach-making business. Last fall he was engaged in his business at Port Tobacco when he was induced to join the conspiracy for abducting the President. The first attempt to carry out this plot was to be on the Seventh Street road, about the middle of March, when the President was expected to visit a camp. After his seizure the President was to be carried across the Potomac. This plan failed, as did also the one subsequently arranged to kidnap the President in the theatre. Atzerott denied that he aided in the plot to murder the President.

The other prisoners were sent to their final destination, and thus was completed the memorable history of that conspiracy which three months ago plunged our people into the lowest depths of grief.

A DREAM.

All yesterday I was spinning,
Sitting alone in the sun;
And the dream that I spun was so lengthy
It lasted till day was done.

I heeded not cloud or shadow
That flitted over the hill,
Or the humming-bees or the swallows,
Or the trickling of the rill.

I took the threads for my spinning
All of blue summer air,
And a flickering ray of sunlight
Was woven in here and there.

The shadows grew longer and longer,
The evening wind passed by,
And the purple splendor of sunset
Was flooding the western sky.

But I could not leave my spinning,
For so fair my dream had grown
I heeded not, hour by hour,
How the silent day had flown.

At last the gray shadows fell round me,
And the night came dark and chill,
And I rose and ran down the valley,
And left it all on the hill.

I went up the hill this morning
To the place where my spinning lay—
There was nothing but glistening dew-drops
Remained of my dream to-day.

THE PATAGONIAN BROTHERS.

We are not related. His name is John Griffiths, and I am William Waldur; and we called ourselves the Patagonian Brothers because it looked well in the bills and pleased the public. We met by chance, about six years since, on the race-course at Doncaster, and so took a sort of mutual liking, and went partners in a tour through the midland counties. We had never seen or heard of each other up to that time; and, though we became good friends, were never greatly intimate. I knew nothing of his past life, nor he of mine; and I never asked him a question on the subject. I am particular to have this all clear from the beginning; for I am a plain man, telling a plain story, and I want no one to misunderstand a word of what I am about to relate.

We made a little money by our tour. It was not much; but it was more than either of us had been able to earn before; so we agreed to stay together, and try our fortune in London. This time we got an engagement at Astley's for the winter, and, when the summer came, joined a traveling circus, and roamed about as before.

The circus was a capital thing—a republic, so to say, in which all were equals. We had a manager to whom we paid a fixed salary, and the rest went shares in the profits. There were times when we did not even clear our expenses; there were towns where we made ten and fifteen pounds a night; but the bad luck went along with the good, and, on the whole, we prospered.

We staid with the company two years and a half in all, and played at every town between York and London. During that time we had found leisure to improve. We knew each other's weight and strength now to a hair, and grew bolder with experience; so that there was scarcely a new feat brought out any where which we did not learn, even to the "perche" business, and the trick of walking, head downward, on a marble ceiling. The fact is, that we were admirably matched, which, in our profession, is the most important point of all. Our height was the same, to the sixteenth of an inch, and we were not unlike in figure. If Griffiths possessed a little more muscular strength, I was the more active, and even that difference was in our favor. I believe that, in other respects, we suited each other equally well, and I know that, for the three years and a half which we had spent together (counting from our first meeting at Doncaster down to the time when we dissolved partnership with the circus folks) we had never had an angry word. Griffiths was a steady, saving, silent fellow enough, with little gray eyes and heavy black brows. I remember thinking, once or twice, that he was not quite the sort of person I would like for an enemy; but that was in reference to no act of his, and only a fancy of my own. For myself, I can live with any one who is disposed to live with me, and love peace and good-will better than any thing in the world.

We had now grown so expert that we resolved to better ourselves and return to London, which we did somewhere about the end of February, or the beginning of March, 1855. We put up at a little inn in the Borough, and before a week was over found ourselves engaged by Mr. James Rice, of the "Belvidere Tavern," at a salary of seven pounds a week. Now this was a great advance upon all our previous gains; and the Tavern was by no means a bad place for the founding of a theatrical reputation.

Situated half-way between the West End and the City, surrounded by a densely populated neighborhood, and lying in the very path of the omnibuses, this establishment was one of the most prosperous of its class. There was a theatre, and a concert-room, and a garden, where dancing, and smoking, and rifle-shooting, and supper-eating were going on from eight till twelve o'clock every night all through the summer, which made the place a special favorite with the working-classes.

Here, then, we were engaged (Griffiths and I), with a promise that our salary should be raised if we proved attractive; and raised it soon was, for we drew enormously. We brought out the perche and the ceiling business; came down, in the midst of fire-works, from a platform higher than the roof of the theatre; and, in short, did every thing that ever yet was done in our line—ay, and did it well, too, though perhaps it is not my place to say so. At all events, the great colored posters were pasted up all over the town; and our salary was increased to fifteen pounds a week; and the gentleman who writes about the plays in the Sunday *Snub*, was pleased to observe that there was no performance in London half so wonderful as that of the Patagonian Brothers; for which I take this opportunity to thank him kindly.

We lodged (of course together) in a quiet street on a hill near Islington. The house was kept by Mrs. Morrison, a respectable, industrious woman, whose husband had been a gas-fitter at one of the theatres, and who was now left a widow with one only daughter just nineteen years of age. She was very good and very pretty. She was christened Alice, but her mother called her Ally, and we soon fell into the same habit; for they were very simple, friendly people, and we were soon as good friends as if we had all been living together in the same house for years.

I am not a good hand at telling a story, as, I dare say, you have found out by this time—and, indeed, I never did sit down to write one out before—so I may as well come to the point at once, and confess that I loved her. I also fancied, before many weeks were over, that she did not altogether dislike me; for a man's wits are twice as sharp when he is in love, and there is not a blush, or a glance, or a word, that he does not contrive to build some hope upon. So one day, when Griffiths was out, I went down stairs to the parlor, where she was sitting by the window, sewing, and took a chair beside her.

"Ally, my dear," said I, stopping her right hand from working, and taking it up in both of mine; "Ally, my dear, I want to speak to you."

She blushed, and turned pale, and blushed again, and I felt the pulses in her little soft hand throbbing like the heart of a frightened bird, but she never answered a syllable.

"Ally, my dear," said I, "I am a plain man. I am thirty-two years of age. I don't know how to flatter like some folks, and I have had but very little book-learning to speak of. But, my dear, I love you; and though I don't pretend that you are the first girl I ever fancied, I can truly say that you are the first I ever cared to make my wife. So, if you'll take me, such as I am, I'll be a true husband to you as long as I live."

What answer she made, or whether she spoke at all, is more than I can undertake to tell, for my ideas were all confused; but I only remember that I kissed her, and felt very happy, and that, when Mrs. Morrison came into the room, she found me with my arm clasped round my darling's waist.

I scarcely know when it was that I first noticed the change in John Griffiths; but that it was somewhere about this time I am tolerably certain. It is hard to put looks into words, and to make account of trifles that, after all, are matters of feeling more than matters of fact; but others saw the change as well as myself, and no one could help observing that he grew to be more silent and unsociable than ever. He kept away from home as much as possible. He spent all his Sundays out, starting away the first thing after breakfast, and not coming back again till close upon midnight. He even put an end to our old friendly custom of walking home together after our night's work was over, and joined a sort of tap-room club that was kept by a dozen or so of idle fellows belonging to the theatre. Worse than this, he scarcely exchanged a word with me from morning till night, even when we were at meals. He watched me about the room as if I had been a thief. And sometimes, though I am sure I never wronged him willingly in my life, I caught him looking at me from under those black brows of his as if he hated me.

More than once I laid my hand upon his sleeve as he was hurrying away on Sundays, or turning off toward the club-room at night, and said, "Griffiths, have you got any thing against me?" or "Griffiths, won't you come home to a friendly glass with me to-night?" But he either shook me off without a word, or muttered some sulky denial that sounded more like a curse than a civil answer; so I got tired of peace-making at last, and let him go his own way and choose his own company.

The summer was already far advanced, and our engagement at the Belvidere had well-nigh ended, when I began to buy the furniture, and Ally to prepare her wedding things. Matters continued the same with John Griffiths; but, when the day was fixed, I made up my mind to try him once again, and invite him to the church and the dinner. The circumstances of that invitation are as clear in my memory as if the whole affair had taken place this morning.

It was on the twenty-ninth of July (I am particular about dates), and there had been a general call to rehearsal at one o'clock that day. The weather was warm and hazy, and I started early that I might not go in late or tired; for I knew that, what with the rehearsal, and the new piece, and the Terrific Descent, I should have enough to do before my day's work was over. The consequence was that I arrived about twenty minutes too soon. The gardens had a dreary look by daylight; but they were pleasanter, any how, than the theatre; so I loitered up and down among the smoky trees, and watched the waiters polishing the stains off the tables in the summer-houses, and thought how shabby the fountains looked when they were not playing, and what miserable gimcrack concerns were the Stalactite Caves and the Cosmoramic Grottoes, and all the other attractions which looked so fine by the light of colored lamps and fire-works.

Well, just as I was sauntering on, turning these things over in my mind, whom should I see in one of the summer-houses but John Griffiths! He was lying forward upon the table, with his face resting upon his clasped hands, sound asleep. An empty ale-bottle and glass stood close beside him, and his stick had fallen near his chair. I could not be mistaken in him, though his face was hidden; so I went up and touched him smartly on the shoulder.

"A fine morning, John!" says I. "I thought I was here early; but it seems that you were before me, after all."

He sprang to his feet at the sound of my voice as if he had been struck, and then turned impatiently away.

"What did you wake me for?" he said, sullenly.

"Because I have news to tell you. You know that the sixth of August will be our last night here. Well, mate, on the seventh, please God, I'm going to be married, and—"

"Curse you!" he interrupted, turning a livid face upon me, and an eye that glared like a tiger's. "Curse you! How dare you come to me with that tale, you smooth-faced hound?—to me, of all men living?"

I was so little prepared for this burst of passion that I had nothing to say, and so he went on:

"Why can't you let me alone? What do you tempt me for? I've kept my hands off of you till now—"

He paused and bit his lip, and I saw that he was trembling from head to foot. I am no coward—it's not likely that I should be a Patagonian Brother if I was. But the sight of his hatred seemed to turn me, for the moment, quite sick and giddy.

"My God!" said I, leaning up against the table, "what do you mean? Are you mad?"

He made no answer, but looked straight at me, and then walked away. I don't know how it was, but from that moment I knew all. It was written, somehow, in his face.

"Oh! Ally, dear!" I said to myself with a kind of groan, and sat down on the nearest bench; I believe that at that moment I scarcely knew where I was or what I was doing

I did not see him again till we met on the stage, about an hour afterward, to go through our scene in the rehearsal. It was a grand piece, with a great deal of firing, and real water, and a live camel in the last act; and Griffiths and I were Mozambique slaves, performing before the Rajah in the hall of Candelabras. Excepting that it cost a great deal of money, that is all I ever knew about the plot; and, upon my word, I don't believe that any body else knew much more. By this time I had, of course, recovered my usual composure; but I could see that Griffiths had been drinking, for his face was flushed and his balance unsteady. When the rehearsal was over Mr. Rice called us into his private room and brought out a decanter of sherry, with which, I must say, he was always as liberal as any gentleman could be.

"Patagonians," says he, for he had a wonderfully merry way with him, and always called us by that name, "I suppose you would make no objection to a little matter of extra work and extra pay on the sixth—just to end the season with something stunning—hey?"

"No, no, Sir, not we," replied Griffiths, in a sort of hearty manner that wasn't natural to him. "We're ready for any thing. Is it the flying business you spoke about the other day?"

"Better than that," said the manager, filling up the glasses. "It's a new French feat that has never yet been done in this country, and they call it the trapeze. Patagonians, your health!"

So we drank his in return, and Mr. Rice explained all about it. It was to be an exhibition of posturing and a balloon ascent both in one. At some distance below the car was to be secured a triangular wooden frame-work, which frame-work was called the trapeze. From the lower pole, or base of this triangle, one of us was to be suspended, with a ligature of strong leather attached to his ankle, in case of accidents. Just as the balloon was rising and this man ascending head-downward, the other was to catch him by the hands and go up also, having, if he preferred it, some band or other to bind him to his companion. In this position we were then to go through our customary performances, continuing them so long as the balloon remained in sight.

"All this," said Mr. Rice, "sounds much more dangerous than it really is. The motion of a balloon through the air is so steady and imperceptible that, but for the knowledge of being up above the housetops, you will perform almost as comfortably as in the gardens. Besides, I am speaking to brave men who know their business, and are not to be dashed by a trifle—hey, Patagonians?"

Griffiths brought his hand down heavily upon the table, and made the glasses ring again.

"I'm ready, Sir," said he, with an oath. "I'm ready to do it alone if any man here is afraid to go with me!"

He looked at me as he said this with a sort of mocking laugh that brought the blood into my face.

"If you mean that for me, John," said I, quickly, "I'm no more afraid than yourself; and, if that's all about it, I'll go up to-night!"

If I was to try from now till this day next year I never could describe the expression that came over his face as I spoke those words. It seemed to turn all the currents of my blood. I could not understand it then; but I understood it well enough afterward.

Well, Mr. Rice was mightily pleased to find us so willing, and a very few more words ended the matter. Mr. Staines and his famous Würtemberg balloon were to be engaged; fifteen hundred additional colored lamps were to be hired, and Griffiths and I were to receive twelve pounds apiece for the evening, over and above our general salary.

Poor Ally! In the midst of the excitement I had forgotten her, and it was not till I was out of the theatre and walking slowly homeward that I remembered she must be told. For my own part I did not believe there was the slightest danger; but I knew how her fears would magnify every thing, and the nearer I came toward Islington the more uncomfortable I felt. After all, I was such a coward—for I always am a coward where women are concerned—that I could not tell her that day, nor even the next; and it was only on Sunday, when we were sitting together after dinner, that I found courage to speak of it. I had expected something of a scene; but I had no idea that she would have taken on as she did, and I declare that, even then, if the posters had not been already out, and myself bound in honor to act up to my engagement, I would have gone straight to Mr. Rice and declined the business altogether. Poor little soft-hearted darling! it was a sore trial to her and to me also, and I was an inconsiderate idiot not to have thought of her feelings in the first instance. But there was no help for it now; so I gave her the only consolation in my power, by solemnly promising that I would be the first man tied to the trapeze. It was, of course, the safest position, and when I had assured her of this she grew calmer. On all other points I kept my own counsel, as you may be certain; and as to John Griffiths, I saw less of him than ever. He even took his meals in the city now, and, during the seven days that elapsed between the twenty-ninth and the sixth, never once came face to face with me, except upon the stage.

I had a hard matter to get away from home when the afternoon of the sixth came round. My darling clung about me as if her heart would break, and although I did my best to cheer her, I don't mind confessing now that I went out and cried a tear or two in the passage.

"Keep up your spirits, Ally dear," says I, smiling, and kissing her the last thing before I left the house. "And don't be spoiling your pretty eyes in that way. Remember that I want you to look well, and that we are to be married to-morrow."

The multitude in the Belvidere Gardens was something wonderful. There they were, men, women, and children, thronging the balconies, the orchestra stairs, and every available inch of ground; and there, in the midst of them, rolled and swayed the huge Würtemberg balloon, like a sleepy, lolling giant. The ascent was fixed for six o'clock, that we might come down again by daylight; so I made haste to dress, and then went to the green-room to see after Mr. Rice, and hear something of what was going forward.

Mr. Rice was there, and three gentlemen with him, namely, Colonel Steward, Captain Crawford, and Sydney Baird, Esquire. They were fine handsome-looking gentlemen, all three—especially Sydney Baird, Esquire, who was, as I have since been told, a play-writer, and one of the cleverest men of the day. I was going to draw back when I saw them sitting there with their wine and cigars; but they would have me in to take a glass of Port, and shook hands with me all round as polite as possible, and treated me as handsome as any gentlemen could.

"Here's health and success to you, my brave fellow," says Colonel Steward, "and a pleasant trip to us all!" and then I found that they were going up in the car with Mr. Staines.

And now, what with their light cheerful ways and pleasant talking, and what with the glass of wine that I had taken, and the excitement, and the hum of voices from the crowd outside, I was in first-rate spirits, and as impatient to be off as a racer at the starting-point. Presently one of the gentlemen looked at his watch.

"What are we waiting for?" said he. "It is ten minutes past six already."

And so it was. Ten minutes past the hour, and Griffiths had not yet been seen or heard of. Well, Mr. Rice grew very uneasy, and the crowd very noisy, and so twenty minutes more went by. Then we made up our minds to go without him, and Mr. Rice made a little speech and explained it to the people; and then there was a cheer and a great bustle; and the gentlemen took their seats in the car; and a hamper full of Champagne and cold chicken was put in with them; and I was made fast by one leg to the base of the trapeze; and Mr. Staines was just about to get in himself and give the signal to cut loose, when whom should we see forcing his way through the crowd but Griffiths.

Of course there was another cheer at this, and a delay of eight or ten minutes more while he was dressing. At last he came, and it was now just a quarter to seven o'clock. He looked very sullen when he found that he was to be the undermost; but there was no time to change any thing now, even if I had been willing; so his left wrist and my right were bound together by a leathern strap, the signal was given, the band struck up, the crowd applauded like mad, and the balloon rose straight and steady above the heads of the people.

Down sank the trees and the fountains, and the pavement of upturned faces. Down sank the roof of the theatre, and fainter grew the sound of the hurrahing and the music. The sensation was so strange, that for the first moment I was forced to close my eyes, and felt as if I must fall and be dashed to pieces. But that soon passed away, and by the time we had risen to about three hundred feet I was as comfortable as if I had been born and bred in the air with my head downward.

Presently we began our performances. Griffiths was as cool as possible—I never saw him cooler—and we went through every conceivable attitude; now swinging by our hands, now by our feet, now throwing somersaults one over the other. And during the whole of this time the streets and squares seemed to sink away to the right, and the noises from the living world died on the air—and, as I turned and slung, changing my position with every minute, I caught strange flitting glimpses of the sunset and the city, the sky and the river, the gentlemen leaning over the car and the tiny passengers swarming down below like ants on an ant-hill.

Then the gentlemen grew tired of leaning over, and began to talk and laugh, and busy themselves over their hamper. Then the Surrey hills drew nearer, and the city sank away to the right farther and farther. Then there were nothing but green fields with lines of railways crossing them here and there; and presently it grew quite damp and misty, and we ceased to see any thing except through breaks and openings in the clouds.

"Come, John," says I, "our share of this business is done. Don't you think we might as well be getting into the car?"

He was hanging below just then, holding on by my two hands, and had been hanging so quite quiet for some minutes. He didn't seem to hear me; and no wonder, for the clouds were gathering about us so thickly, that even the voices of the gentlemen up above grew muffled, and I could hardly see for a yard before me in any direction. So I called to him again and repeated the question.

He made no answer, but shifted his grasp from my hand to my wrist, and then up to the middle of my arm, so raising himself by degrees till our faces came nearly on a level. There he paused, and I felt his hot breath on my cheek.

"William Waldur," said he, hoarsely, "wasn't to-morrow to have been your wedding-day?"

Something in the tone of his voice, in the question, in the dusk and dreadful solitude, struck me with horror. I tried to shake off his hands, but he held too fast for that.

"Well, what if it was?" said I after a moment. "You needn't grip so hard. Catch hold of the pole, will you? and let go of my arms."

He gave a short hard laugh, but never stirred.

"I suppose we're about two thousand feet high," says he, and it seemed to me that he had something between his teeth. "If either of us was to fall he'd be a dead man before he touched the ground."

I would have given the world at that moment to be able to see his face; but what with my own head being downward, and all his weight hanging to my arms, I had no more power than an infant.

"John!" I exclaimed, "what do you mean? Catch hold of the pole and let me do the same. My head's on fire!"

"Do you see this?" said he, catching my arms a couple of inches higher up, and looking right into my face. "Do you see this?"

It was a large, open clasp-knife, and he was holding it with his teeth. His breath seemed to hiss over the cold blade.

"I bought it this evening—I hid it in my belt—I waited till the clouds came round and there was no soul to see. Presently I shall cut you away from the balloon. I took an oath that you should never have her, and I mean to keep it."

A dimness came over my eyes and every thing grew red. I felt that in another minute I should be insensible. He thought I was so already, and, letting my arms free, made a spring at the pole overhead.

That spring saved me. Our wrists were bound together, and as he rose he drew me along with him; for I was so faint and giddy that I could make no effort for myself.

I saw him hold by the pole with his left hand; I saw him take the knife in his right; I felt the cold steel pass between his wrist and mine, and then—

And then the horror of the moment gave me back my strength, and I clung to the frame-work just as the thong gave way.

We were separated now, and I was still secured to the trapeze by one ankle. He had only his arms to trust to—and the knife.

Oh, the deadly, deadly strife that followed! it sickens me to think of it. His only hope now lay in the cursed weapon; and so, clinging to the wood-work with one hand, he strove to stab me with the other.

It was life or death now, and I grew desperate. To feel his murderous clutch upon my throat, and, in the silence of the hideous struggle, to hear the report of a Champagne cork, followed by a peal of careless laughter, overhead— Oh, it was worse than death, a hundred times over!

I can not tell how long we clung thus, each with a hand upon the other's throat. It may have been only a few seconds; but it seemed like hours to me. The question was simply which should be strangled first.

Presently his gripe relaxed, his lips became dead-white, and a shudder ran through every fibre of his body. He had turned giddy!

Then a cry burst from him—a cry like nothing human. He made a false clutch at the trapeze, and reeled over. I caught him, just in time, by the belt round his waist.

"It's all over with me," he groaned between his set teeth. "It's all—over—with me! Take your revenge!"

Then his head fell heavily back, and he hung, a dead weight, on my arm.

I did take my revenge; but it was hard work, and I was already half exhausted. How I contrived to hold him up, to unbind my foot, and to crawl, so laden, up the ropes, is more than I can tell; but my presence of mind never failed me for an instant, and I suppose the excitement gave me a sort of false strength while it lasted. At all events I did it, though I now only remember climbing over the basket-work, and seeing the faces of the gentlemen all turned upon me as I sank to the bottom of the car, scarcely more alive than the burden in my arms.

He is a penitent man now, an Australian settler, and, as I am told, well to do in those parts.

This is my story, and I have no more to tell.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

PROVERBIAL PHILOSOPHY.—A young friend of ours, whose opinions derive a tinge of bitterness from the beer he imbibes, says that although it is quite true that "one swallow does not make a summer," a summer like this makes one swallow—a good deal of liquid.

A vixen wife, who for the horsewhip's smart,
Ran to her father, begg'd he'd take her part;
"What is your fault?" said he: "come state the case."
"I threw some coffee in my husband's face,
For which he beat me!" "Beat you, did he! 'slife!
He beat my *daughter*—zounds! I'll beat his *wife!*"

Every plain girl has one consolation. If she is not a *pretty* young lady, she will, if she lives, be a *pretty old one.*

A wine-merchant once left a suspected assistant in his cellar, and said to him, "Now, lest you should drink the wine while I am away, I will chalk your mouth so that I may know it." He then rubbed his nail across the man's lips, and pretended to leave the mark of chalk on them. The man drank of the wine, and to be even with his master, chalked his mouth, and thus discovered himself.

Women were born, so fate declares,
To smooth our linen and our cares;
And 'tis but just, for by my troth,
They're very apt to ruffle both.

FOOLS WHO DON'T USE IT.—A phrenological professor, who has been doing the bumps of our citizens largely, who is a tall specimen of the human genus, and abounds in self-conceit so much that he sometimes mistakes impertinent interrogations for wholesome inquiries, and makes them accordingly, one morning observed our friend Barrel quietly smoking a cigar. "Young man," said he, in a severe tone, "don't you know that the man who uses tobacco is a fool?" "Well," said Barrel, "it may be so; but there is one fact that you are not aware of, and which I wish to impress on your mind: that there are a great many fools who don't use it!" The phrenologist drew the inference, and discontinued the conversation.

RESIGNATION.—"Ned has run away with your wife," said one friend to another. "Poor fellow!" replied the forlorn husband.

Charles Lamb was in the habit of wearing a white cravat, and in consequence was sometimes taken for a clergyman. Once, at a dinner-table, among a large number of guests, his white cravat caused such a mistake to be made, and he was called on to "say grace." Looking up and down the table, he asked, in his inimitable lisping manner, "Is there no cl-cl-clergyman present?" "No, Sir," answered a guest. "Th-then," said Lamb, bowing his head, "let us thank God."

MUSICAL MEMS.

In composing a round you should always use circular notes.

Why is the leader of the orchestra at the opera the most wonderful man of the age?—Because he beats Time.

ODE.

BY AN IMPECUNIOUS POET.

How fresh and innocent the breeze
That skims the morning milk, and meads!
It hovers now among the trees,
And then to other spots proceeds.

I love the air so calm, so cool,
That breathes upon my fevered brow.
It wakes my appetite; poor fool,
I'd break my fast, but don't know how.

For, ah! the wind I love so well
Unfeeling mocks me while I praise it,
Because I can not—can not tell
What means I can adopt to raise it!

THE SCHOOLMASTER IS CERTAINLY ABROAD.—A young lady of fourteen being asked at a public school examination if she could decline a noun, promptly replied that she hadn't been taught how to *decline*, but she knew how to *conjugate.*

A "ROUND MAN."—The saying about round men in square holes, and square men in round holes, is frequently used. A square man would probably be a "brick." What a round man is the following advertisement informs us:

"WANTED, a Circular SAWYER. None but efficient men need apply to M. —— & Co."

The advertisers do not state who wants the "Circular Sawyer," but they intimate that, as far as they are concerned, "none but efficient men" of whatever trade "need apply" to them, whatever they may do to others. Nevertheless we trust that, should the efficient circular man apply, he will find that they have only adopted a round way of putting it, and that it really is all "on the square."

Before "love comes in at the door" it would be well for him to peep through the keyhole. He might see something that would prevent him from entering.

The richest child in Europe—Rota's-child.

DEFINITION OF THE "HAPPY MEAN."—A joyful miser.

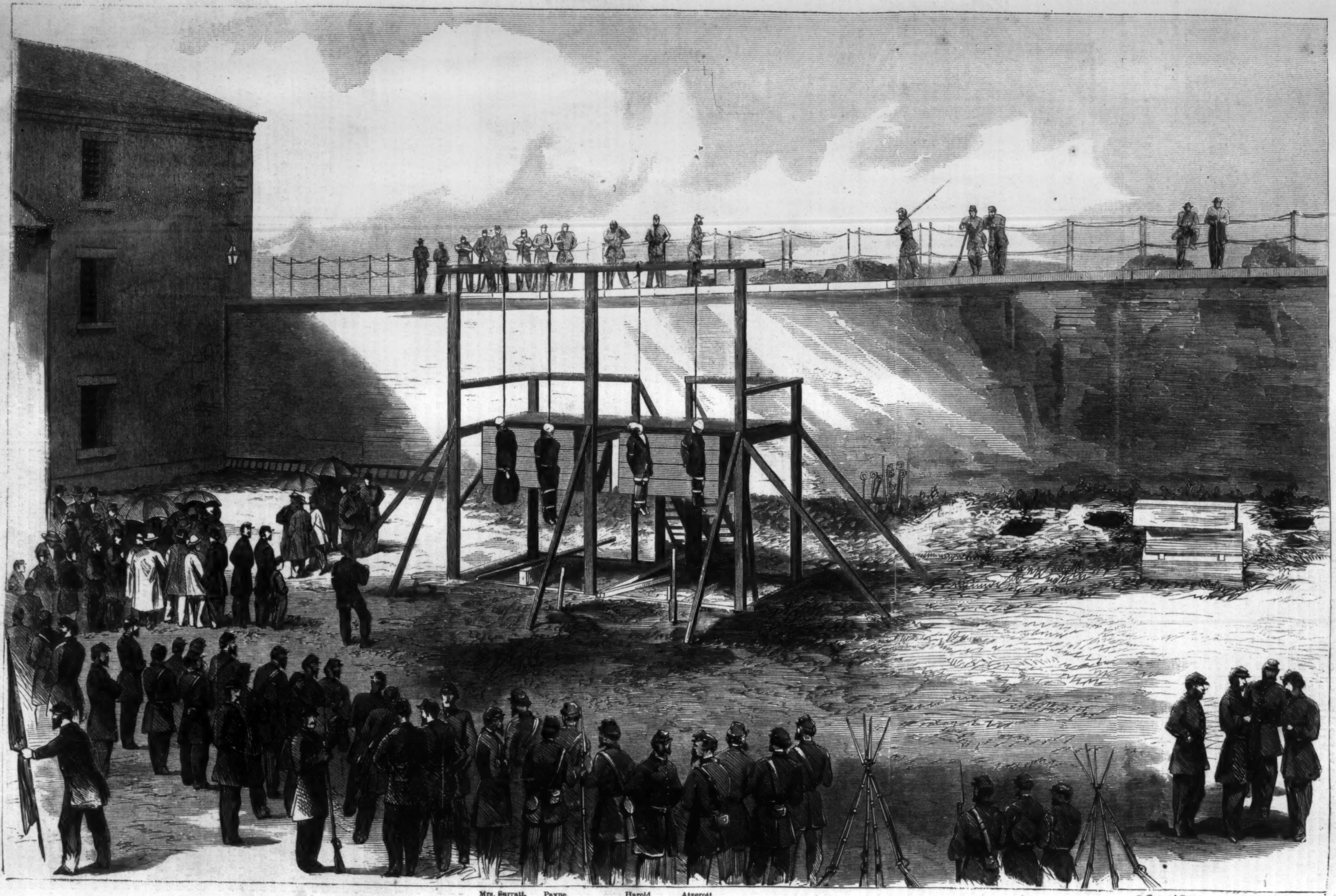
Some wives are so jealous that they don't like their spouses to embrace a fair opportunity.

Why is your dinner after you've eaten it like city property?—Because it belongs to the corporation.

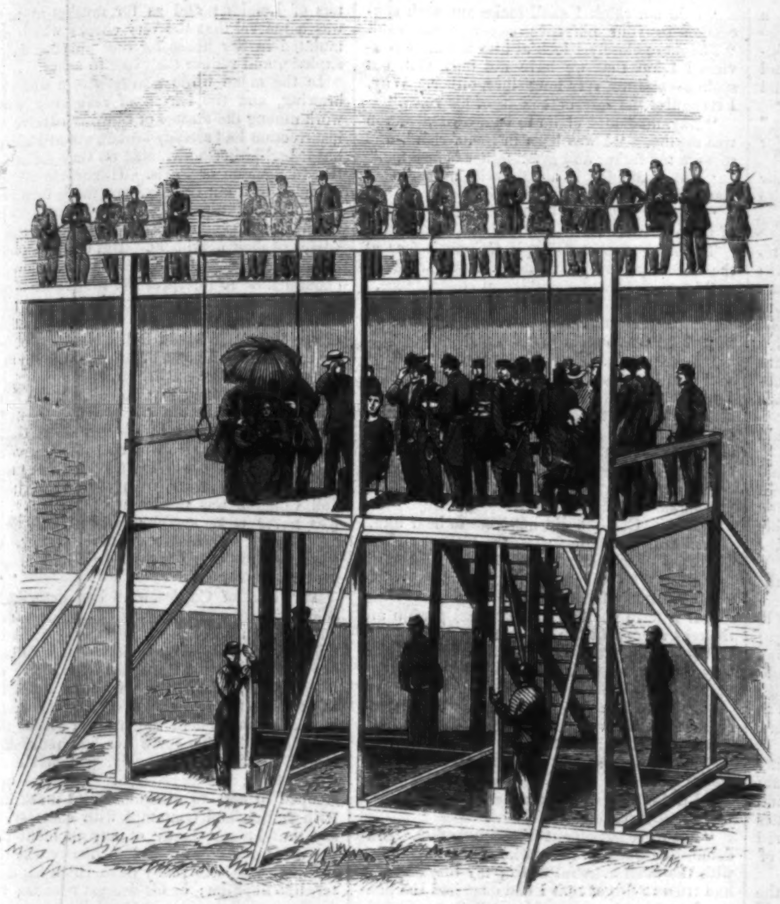
LETTERS OF CREDIT.—I. O. U.

All lawyers may be said to belong to the *Fee*nian Brotherhood.

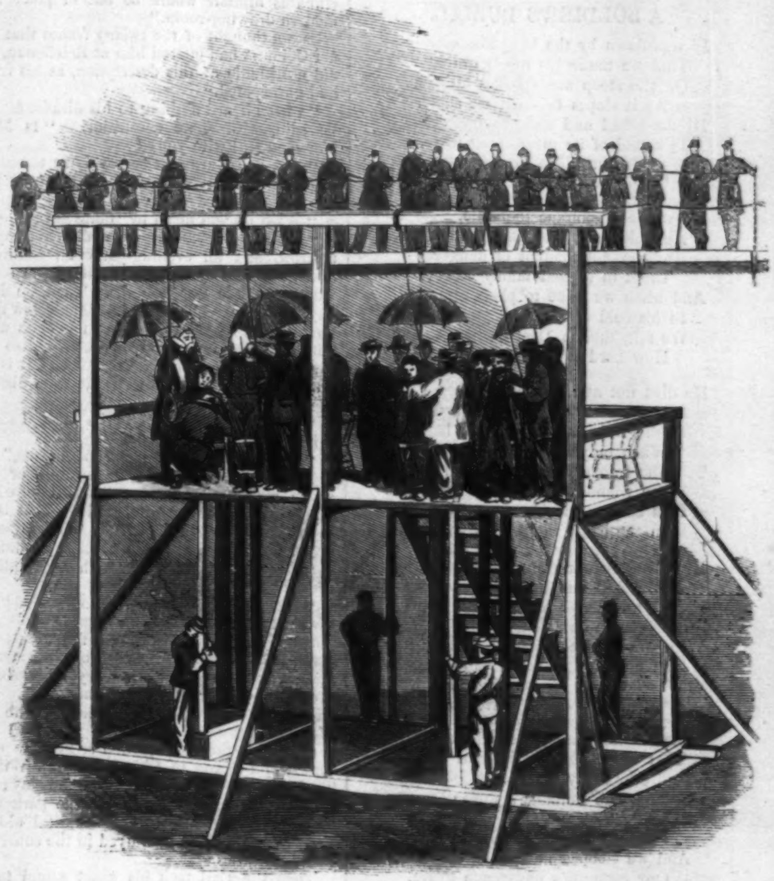
When is a cat like a tea-pot?—When you're teasin it (tea's in it).


Mrs. Surratt,
Payne.
Harold.
Atzerott.
Coffins and Graves.

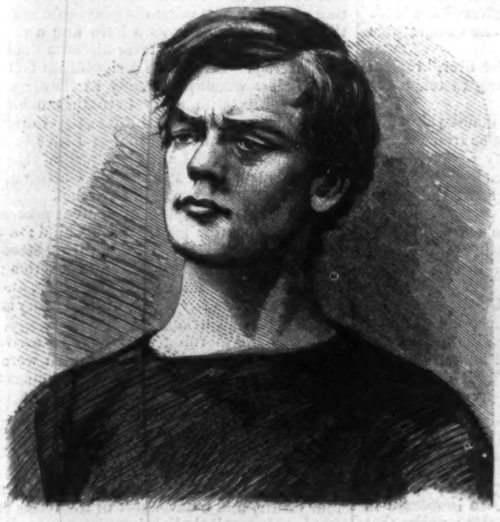
EXECUTION OF THE CONSPIRATORS AT WASHINGTON, JULY 7, 1865.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY GARDNER, WASHINGTON.]



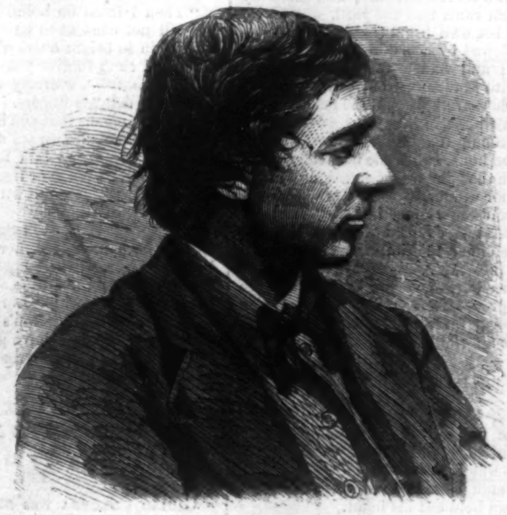
EXECUTION OF THE CONSPIRATORS—CLERGYMEN OFFICIATING ON THE SCAFFOLD.
[PHOTOGRAPHED BY GARDNER.]



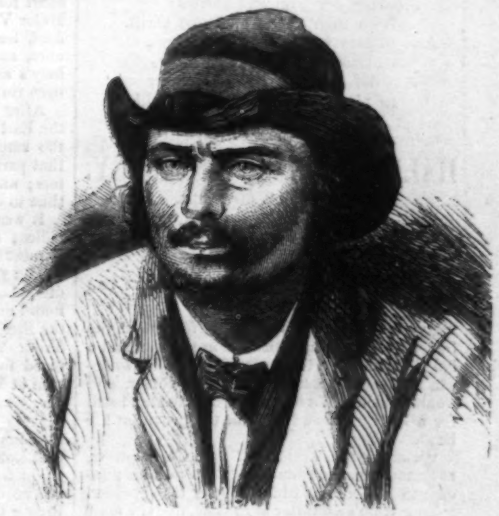
EXECUTION OF THE CONSPIRATORS—ADJUSTING THE ROPE.
[PHOTOGRAPHED BY GARDNER.]



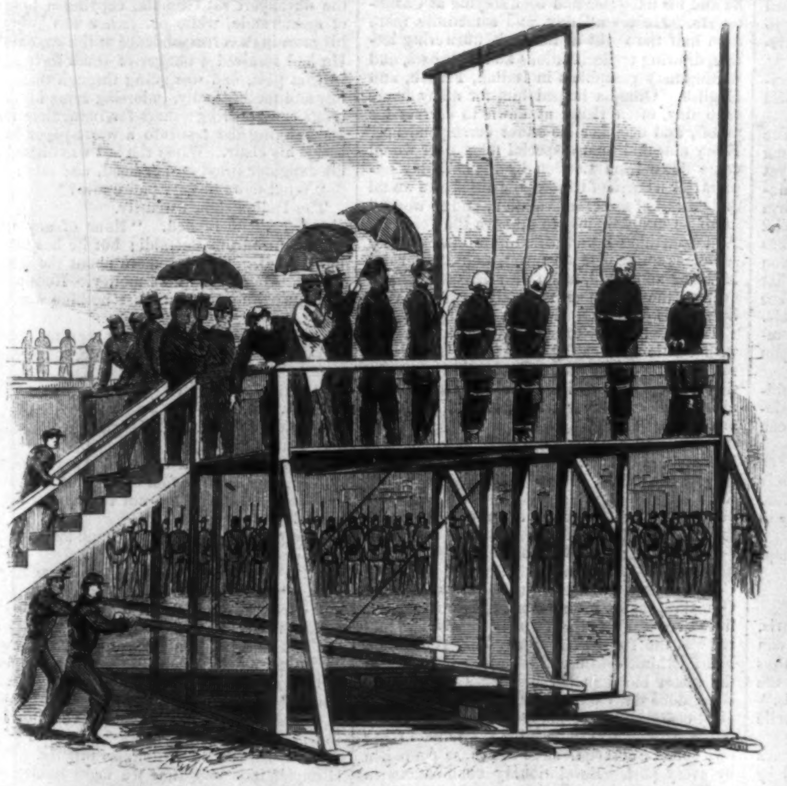
LEWIS PAYNE.



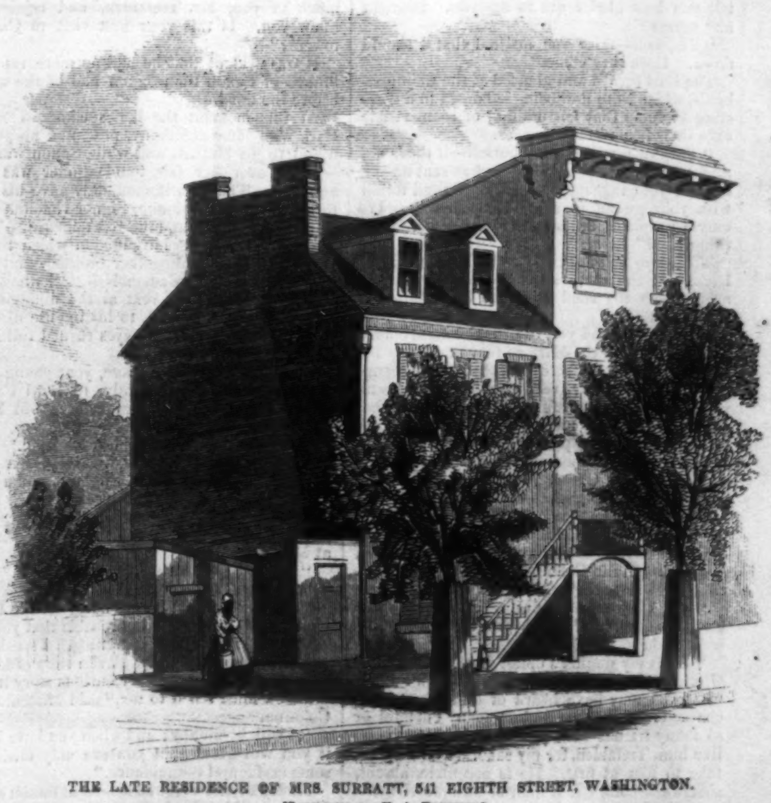
DAVID HAROLD.



J. W. ATZEROTT.



EXECUTION OF THE CONSPIRATORS—SPRINGING OF THE TRAP.
[DRAWN BY A. M'CALLUM.]



THE LATE RESIDENCE OF MRS. SURRATT, 541 EIGHTH STREET, WASHINGTON.
[SKETCHED BY E. A. PERKINS.]

A SOLDIER'S BURIAL.

It was down by the blue Potomac
That we made his lonely grave,
On the steep and wooded hill-side
As it slopes to the river shore.
By the broad and blue Potomac,
In sound of its murmuring wave,
We left him alone in his slumber,
To follow the drum no more.

He was our comrade in battle,
And his heart was warm and brave
And never a thought of danger
Crept in to that manly heart;
And when we came to place him
In his cold and narrow grave,
We felt, though Death was the victor,
How hard it was to part.

He died not amid the conflict,
As he wished he might have died,
In the rush and roar of the battle,
When only the craven fear;
'Mid the frenzy and heat and tumult,
When friends fight side by side,
It is easy to die if summoned
In the cause our hearts hold dear.

But death to our comrade came slowly,
In the dull and heated camp,
And we carried his corpse between us
When the air seemed strangely still
With the summer noonday silence,
And only our hollow tramp
Was heard as we gently bore him
To the new-made grave on the hill.

Some solemn words spoke the chaplain,
That were good for the soul to hear;
And ever softly murmured
The blue Potomac's wave;
And while he spoke there glistened
On the good man's cheek a tear;
And we stooped and filled, all silent,
Our comrade's new-made grave.

Then all at once on the stillness
The fifes began to play,
Mocking our pain and sorrow
With their voices loud and shrill.
And in step with the pulsing music
We passed from the place away,
And left our comrade to slumber
In his grave on the wooded hill.

HALF A MILLION OF MONEY.

By AMELIA B. EDWARDS,
Author of "Barbara's History," &c.

CHAPTER XXV.

SAXON RENEWS HIS ACQUAINTANCE WITH THE COLONNAS.

Saxon found the Earl waiting for him at the Sedgebrook station, with a plain phaeton and a long-limbed, bony, black mare, that looked somewhat viciously askance at the new-comer, and would evidently not have consented to stand still for a moment were it not for the groom at her head.

"That's right, Trefalden," said Castletowers, as Saxon emerged from the station with his guncase in his hand and his rug over his shoulder. "Your train's a quarter after time, and the mare has been giving herself as many airs as a spoiled beauty. Jump up, my dear fellow, and let me tell you how glad I am to see you. Brought any horses?"

"Yes, two—since you insisted that I should do so. Here they come."

The Earl turned and glanced at the thoroughbreds, which were now being led down in a traveling costume that left nothing of them visible save their hoofs and their eyes.

"They're as welcome as yourself—if that's not a bad compliment," said he. "I've sent a light cart for your luggage, and my man shall follow with your groom to show him the way. It's only a couple of miles to the park gates. Any thing else?"

There was nothing else; so the groom stepped back, and the mare shook her ears and went away down the road as if she had been shot from a catapult.

"I am delighted you've brought those horses, Trefalden," said the Earl, as they flew along between the green hedgerows of the pleasant country road; "for I have really nothing fit to mount you upon. This mare's a demon when her temper is up, and my mother's carriage horses are as fat and lazy as a pair of aldermen. In fact, I have given over the only tolerable beast in the stables for Miss Colonna's sole use and benefit as long as she remains at Castletowers."

"Miss Colonna!" echoed Saxon.

"A lady who is visiting us," replied the Earl, explanatorily. "You have heard of her father, no doubt—Giulio Colonna, the great Italian patriot. He is staying with us also."

"Yes, I have heard of him," said Saxon, who had turned very red, and begun to wish himself back again in London.

"He is my mother's oldest friend," continued Castletowers, "and mine too. I don't know what you may have heard of him—few public characters have ever had so many enemies or so many friends—but you must be prepared to like him, Trefalden, for my sake. You may not take to him at first. He is eccentric, absent, somewhat cold, but a man of antique virtue—a man whose grand simplicity of soul is as much out of place in the nineteenth century as Cincinnatus himself would be out of place in a modern drawing-room."

Saxon thought of the twenty francs that Signor Colonna had offered him at Reichenau, and did not kindle at this description, as his friend had anticipated.

"I have heard nothing to his disadvantage," he said, with some constraint. "Is Major Vaughan still with you?"

"Yes, and Burgoyne comes down to-morrow for a week's shooting. We intend to be quite gay while you are all here."

"What do you mean by 'quite gay?'"

"Well, my mother gives a dinner-party to-morrow, and an evening-party on Saturday; and on Thursday the last meet of the season will be held in our grounds. Then, on Monday, the officers of the Forty-second, now quartered at Guildford, give a great ball, to which our guests are, of course, invited—and so runs the programme, with little variation. It is monotonous; but what can one do at a distance of thirty miles from London?"

"Lead the happiest life in the world, I should think," replied Saxon.

"It is a question of taste and means," said the Earl, with a sigh. "A motif of field sports, set to an everlasting ritornella of dining and dancing, dancing and dining—that is life in an English country-house. For myself, I prefer the harsher music of a military band."

"Do you mean that you wish to go into the army?"

"I mean that I should like to be a soldier if my sword and my sympathies could go together; but that they never can, so it's of no use to think about it. Do you see that belt of pines straight ahead, and the green slope beyond, sprinkled over with elms? That's Castletowers. The house will come into sight directly at the turn of the road."

And then the conversation strayed to other topics, and Saxon told his friend how William Trefalden was coming down on Thursday; and by that time they had reached the park gates and were driving up to the beautiful old red house, which looked as if dyed in the sunsets of many centuries.

Then the Earl took his guest round to the stables, built on the princely scale of the old Elizabethan days, and now more than three parts empty. Here Saxon saw the stalls set apart for his two thorough-breds; and presently Major Vaughan came into the yard, white with dust, leading his own beautiful Arabian, Gulnare, and followed by a docile bay, carrying a lady's saddle; and Saxon found that he had been riding with Mademoiselle Colonna.

After this they strolled about the gardens, and the Earl initiated Saxon into the topography of the smoking-room, the billiard-room, and all that part of the house called the bachelors' quarters; and then the gong was sounded, and it was time to dress for dinner.

It was Saxon's first entry into the society of ladies; and this fact, coupled with his reluctance to meet the Colonnas, made him somewhat nervous on going into the drawing-room. The ladies, however, were not yet down; and he found only a group of four men standing round the fire. Two of these were Castletowers and Major Vaughan; the third he at once recognized for the dark-eyed Italian whom he had seen at Reichenau; and the fourth was a stranger.

"My friend, Mr. Saxon Trefalden—Signor Colonna—the Reverend Edwin Armstrong," said Lord Castletowers, getting through the introductions as quickly as he could.

The clergyman bowed somewhat stiffly; but Signor Colonna held out his hand.

"Gervase's friends are mine," he said, with a smile of singular sweetness. "I have heard much of you, Mr. Trefalden, and rejoice to know you. Is this your first visit to Castletowers?"

It was evident that he had no more remembrance of Saxon than Saxon had of the world before the flood.

At this moment the ladies came in. The Earl, with some ceremony, presented his young friend to his mother, and while Saxon was yet bending over her fair hand dinner was announced. The Earl immediately gave his arm to Mademoiselle Colonna, Signor Colonna took Lady Castletowers, and the rest followed. Thus it happened that the introduction which Saxon most dreaded was altogether omitted, and that he did not even see Mademoiselle Colonna's face till he had taken his seat at the dining-table. He then looked up, and, to his intense discomposure, found her superb eyes turned full upon himself.

"My vis-à-vis is, I suppose, your young millionaire?" she said, presently, to Lord Castletowers. "I have met him before; but I can not remember where."

The Earl laughed and shook his head.

"Impossible," he replied. "He has only been six or eight weeks in England, and during the whole of that time you have not been up to town, I think, for a single day."

"But I may have met him abroad—perhaps at Milan?"

"He has never visited Italy in his life."

"Well, then, in Paris?"

"And I know that he has never been to Paris. In fact, it is more than improbable that you can have seen him before this evening. I speak thus positively because I know all the story of his life up to this time, and a very curious story it is."

"You must tell it to me," said Mademoiselle Colonna.

"I will, by-and-by; and when you have heard it you will grant that you are only misled by some accidental resemblance."

Mademoiselle Colonna looked at Saxon again. He was talking to Lady Castletowers, and she could scrutinize his features at her leisure.

"I do not think I shall make any such concession to your narrative powers," she said. "The more closely I look at him the more convinced I am that we have not only met, but spoken—and not very long since, either. Why, I recognize the very inflections of his voice."

"Nay, madam, I claim to be a Swiss," Saxon was saying. "I was born in Switzerland, and so were my father and grandfather before me."

"But Trefalden is not a Swiss name," said Lady Castletowers.

"No, Trefalden is a Cornish name. We are of Cornish descent."

The color flew to Olimpia Colonna's face at the discovery conveyed to her by these few words.

"I knew it was no accidental resemblance," she said, with a troubled look. "I remember all about him now, and he remembers me. I knew he did: I saw it in his face."

"Then you really have met before?"

"Yes, in Switzerland, a few weeks ago. I—I was so unobservant as to mistake him for an ordinary peasant, and I—that is to say, we—offended him cruelly. My father has forgotten all about it; but I shall tender him a formal apology by-and-by. I hope he will forgive me."

"Forgive you!" echoed the Earl, in a low, passionate tone.

But Miss Colonna did not seem to hear him.

Later in the evening, when the little party was dispersed about the drawing-room, she turned to Saxon, who was bending over some engravings on a side-table, and said,

"If it were not that oblivion and pardon are thought to go hand in hand, I should ask to be remembered by Mr. Trefalden. As it is, I can only hope that he has forgotten me."

Saxon bowed profoundly.

"I should be much concerned for my memory, madam," he replied, "if that were possible."

She looked at him inquiringly.

"Is that a sarcasm," said she, "or a compliment?"

"I did not mean it for either."

"What is it, then?"

"A simple statement of a simple fact. Mademoiselle Colonna is associated in my memory with the most eventful day of my life, and if I had tried to forget that I had once had the honor of meeting her it would not have been possible for me to do so. On that day I first learned the change in my fortunes."

Miss Colonna smiled and put out her hand.

"Then I insist on being forgiven," she said. "I will not consent to be the one disagreeable episode in so bright a story."

"But I can't forgive you twice over," replied Saxon, bashfully, scarcely daring to touch the tips of her delicate fingers.

"Which means that you had done so already? Thank you. And now we must be friends; and you shall come and talk to my father, who is deeply interested in your free and beautiful country. Would that our own beloved Italy were half so happy!"

And with this she took Saxon's arm, and they crossed over to where her father and Major Vaughan were sitting together in earnest conversation.

In the mean while Lord Castletowers was wishing himself in Saxon's place, and thinking how gladly he would have given the best hunter in his stables to be so wronged and so solicited by Olimpia Colonna.

CHAPTER XXVI.

SIGNOR COLONNA'S DEN IN THE OCTAGON TURRET.

Giulio Colonna was never so immersed in political labors as during these eight weeks that he and his daughter had been staying at Castletowers. He sat all day, and sometimes more than half the night at his desk, answering letters, drawing up declarations and addresses, and writing fiery pamphlets in Italian, French, and English. Olimpia helped him for many hours each day, often rising at dawn to correct his proofs, and decipher his secret correspondence. Every now and then a special messenger would come down from London by the mid-day express; or a batch of telegraphic dispatches would arrive, full of secret information, and so worded as to be unintelligible to all save the receiver. And sometimes Lord Castletowers, after a hasty summons to the octagon turret, would order out his black mare, and, laden with messages, gallop over to the station as furiously as if the very lives of his guests depended on his speed.

Then Lady Castletowers would look after him with a little deprecating smile; and, turning to the morning visitor who might happen to be sitting with her at the time, would say something about her poor, dear friend, Signor Colonna, and those foolish intrigues in which he still persisted in taking so much interest; or would, perhaps, let fall a word of half-implied regret that her son, the Earl, whose English politics were so thoroughly unexceptionable, should yet suffer himself to be attracted by the romance of this so-called "Italian cause."

But the intrigues went on nevertheless; and her ladyship, who was quite satisfied if Signor Colonna showed himself at the dinner-table, and Olimpia spent her evenings in the drawing-room, little dreamed that that room in the octagon turret was the focus of a fast-coming revolution. Fearful things—things that would have frozen the bluest blood in her ladyship's veins—were being done daily under her very roof. Strategical operations were mapped out, and military proclamations translated, by the hand of her own son. Subscriptions to the cause poured in by every post. Revolutionary commissions in embryo revolutionary regiments were countersigned by Colonna, and dispatched in her ladyship's own post-bag, under cover to all kinds of mysterious Smiths and Browns in different quarters of London; and as for musket-money, it was a marvel that the very checks which accumulated in her house for that purpose did not explode, and reduce the place to ashes.

In the mean while a great storm was really brewing, and the leaven of resistance was at work among the masses of Southern Italy. An insurrection had already broken out at Palermo; but it had hitherto attracted no very serious notice in London or Paris. Honorable members attended to it but slightly, as a mere formidable riot, or a salutary warning to sovereigns who misgoverned their subjects, and neglected the advice of their neighbors. But Giulio Colonna, in his little room at Castletowers, knew well enough how to interpret the first faint mutterings of that distant thunder. He knew where it would break out next, and where the first shaft of the lightning would fall. His own pen was the conductor—his own breath the wind by which the storm-clouds were driven.

And yet Colonna was no soldier. A braver man never lived; but the sword was not his weapon. A student in his youth, a delicate man at his prime, he was born for the cabinet and not the camp. Bodies need brains as much, and sometimes more, than they need hands; and Colonna was the brain of his party. He was never more useful to his friends, he was never more formidable to his enemies, than when bending over his desk, pale and sleepless, and never weary.

The Earl of Castletowers had described his friend rightly when he spoke of him as a man of antique virtue. His virtues were precisely of the antique type—so precisely that his detractors ranked some of them but little above vices. In his creed, as in the creed of the Roman citizen during the great days of the Republic, the love of country held the highest place. Italy was his God. To serve her he thankfully accepted privation, contumely, personal danger, banishment, and oppression. To serve her he stooped to beg, to dissimulate, to mask hatred with smiles, and contempt with courtesy. To say that he was ready at any moment to lay down his own life for Italian liberty was to say nothing. He was ready to sacrifice his daughter, like Jephtha; or his dearest friends; or his good repute; or innocent blood, if innocent blood were the indispensable condition of success. These were indeed antique virtues—virtues that had nothing in common with the spirit of Christian chivalry. His worst enemies could not deny that Giulio Colonna was a hero and a patriot. His bitterest slanderers never hinted a doubt of his sincerity. But it was a significant fact that his blindest worshipers, ready as they were to compare him with every hero that made the glory of classic Greece and Rome, never dreamed of linking his name with that of Bruce or Bayard, Washington or La Rochejaquelin. He was, in very truth, more Pagan than Christian, and they instinctively recognized the fact.

Such was Giulio Colonna—a great man, a noble man, an heroic man, after his kind; a man of vast intellectual powers, of untiring steadfastness; of inexhaustible energy and devotion; but a man wholly dominated by a single idea, and unable to recognize any but his own arbitrary standard of right and wrong.

It was the morning after Saxon's arrival at Castletowers. The three young men were out with their guns and dogs, and the Colonnas were busy together in their quiet study in the octagon turret. It was a very small room—a mere closet—with one deep mullioned window, overlooking a formal space of the garden. A few prints on the walls, a few books on the shelves, a bureau, a table heaped with letters and papers, three or four chairs, and a davenport in the recess of the window, were all the furniture it contained. At the davenport sat Olimpia, copying a long list of memoranda, while her father was busy with his morning's correspondence at the larger table. He had received a budget of some forty letters by that post, and was going through them rapidly and methodically, indorsing some for future reference, selecting others for immediate reply, and flinging the rest into a waste-paper basket beside his chair. When the last was disposed of his daughter lifted up her head, and said:

"What news to-day, padre mio?"

The Italian sighed wearily.

"None," he replied. "None of any value. A few lines from Bertaldi; but he has nothing new to tell. Things remain about the same in Sicily. Garibaldi wants money. Nothing can be done without it—at least nothing worth doing."

"Better to attempt nothing than make a useless demonstration," said Olimpia, quickly.

"Ay—far better."

"Is that all from Italy?"

"All."

"And from London? I thought I saw Lord Barmouth's handwriting."

"Yes—he sends a check for twelve pounds; and here are three or four others, and a subscription from Birmingham—not twenty-five pounds in all!"

Olimpia rose, and laid her hand lovingly upon her father's shoulder.

"Do not be discouraged, padre mio," she said. "The movement is as yet scarcely begun, and our friends have not realized the importance of the crisis. The English, we must remember, are not roused to enthusiasm by a few words. When we have proved to them that our people are in earnest they will help us with hearts and hands."

"And in the mean while our volunteers are to be slaughtered like sheep for want of proper weapons!" replied Colonna, bitterly. "No, Olimpia, it is *now* that we need funds—now, when the struggle is scarcely begun, and the work lies all before us. There can be no real discipline without arms, food, and clothing; and without discipline all the valor in the world is of no avail. What can weaponless men do to prove themselves in earnest?"

"Die!" said she, with kindling cheek and eye.

"Yes—we can all do that; but we prefer to do it with something better than a pike or a scythe in our hands."

Saying this he pushed back his chair, and began walking gloomily up and down the narrow space between the window and the door. He came presently to a sudden halt, looked full into his daughter's eyes, and said:

"We want twenty-five thousand pounds, at the very least, before ten more days have passed over our heads."

"So much as that? Alas! it is impossible."

"I am not sure that it is impossible," said Colonna, still looking at her.

"No? what do you mean?"

"Sit down, my child—here, by my side—and I will tell you."

She sat down, and he took her hand between both of his own. Perhaps her heart throbbed for a moment in some vague apprehension of what might next be said; but neither her face nor her hand betrayed emotion.

"There is a young man in this house," said the Italian, "to whom such a sum as twenty-five thousand pounds would be of less importance than a handful of bajocchi to one of our volunteers."

"Mr. Trefalden?"

"Mr. Trefalden. He is worth four or five millions."

"Yes—I remember. We were talking of it at breakfast a few weeks ago."

"We were; and I promised myself at the time that I would move heaven and earth to gain him over to the cause."

"It will not be difficult."

"In the ordinary degree not at all; but we must do more than that."

"It is hopeless to dream that he will give us twenty-five thousand pounds," said Miss Colonna, hastily.

"I mean him to give us a million."

"A million! Are you mad?"

"I mean him to give us a million—two millions—three millions—all he possesses, if less than all will not suffice to set our Italy free! Listen, Olimpia mia; we have been told the strange story of this young man's life. We know how pure, and pastoral, and unworldly it has been. We find him simple and enthusiastic as a child—his heart open to every generous impression—his soul susceptible to every sense of beauty. To such a nature all high things are possible—with such a nature all that we desire may be done. I look upon this youth as the destined liberator—as the destined sacrifice!"

Olimpia sighed and shook her head.

"If he were Italian," she said, "it would be easy—and justifiable."

"Justifiable!" echoed her father, with an angry gesture. "In our holy cause all means are justifiable. How often must I repeat that to you, Olimpia?"

"It is a point, padre mio, on which we can never think quite alike," she replied, gently. "Let it pass."

He dropped her hand, rose abruptly, and walked restlessly to and fro, muttering to himself. She also rose, and stood waiting till he should speak again. Then he drew his hand across his brow, and said, harshly:

"The burden of this work must rest chiefly on you, Olimpia."

"I will do what I can," she replied.

"Do you know what you have to do?"

"I think so. I have done it often enough before."

Colonna shook his head.

"No," he said, "that is not enough. You must make him love you—you must make him marry you."

"Father!"

"It is the only certain way to achieve our purpose. He is young and impressionable—you have beauty, fascination, eloquence, and that nameless sway over the will and sympathy of others which has already won hundreds of ardent spirits to the cause. In a week he will be at your feet."

"You ask me to sell myself!" exclaimed Olimpia, with a magnificent scorn upon her lip that would have become an offended goddess.

"For Italy."

She clasped her hands together in a wild, passionate way, and went over to the window.

"For Italy," repeated Colonna, solemnly. "For the cause to which I have consecrated you, my only child, since the moment when you were first laid, smiling, in my arms. For the cause in which my own youth and manhood have been spent. For the cause in which I should not hesitate to go to the stake to-morrow, or to shed your heart's-blood with my own hand."

"I had rather give my heart's-blood than do this thing," said Olimpia, with averted face.

"The martyr may not choose from what palm his branch shall be severed," replied her father, sternly.

She made no answer, and for some moments they were both silent. Then Colonna spoke again.

"With money now at our command," he said, "success would be certain. Without it, nothing but failure awaits us. Twenty-five thousand pounds, judiciously spent, would equip six thousand men; and with six thousand at his back Garibaldi would enter Naples in the course of a few days. But what does he say himself?—that whatever is done, must be done in the name of Sardinia? In the name of Sardinia, that gives neither a soldier nor a scudo to the struggle! In the name of Sardinia, whose king dares not countenance our effort, but who is ready to reap the fruits of our victories! No, no, Olimpia mia—it is not twenty-five thousand pounds that we need. It is a million. With a million we should free not only the Sicilies but the Romagna, and reconstruct the great republic. With a million we may reject the patronage of Victor Emanuel and the whole monarchical party!"

"With but one million?" said Miss Colonna, doubtfully.

"With but one—or two, if two be needed, and we have two at command. What is one man's wealth, or one woman's hand, in comparison with results such as these? What is any private interest, when valued against the honor and freedom of a great country?"

Again Olimpia was silent.

"And then," pursued he eagerly, "with a Roman senate at the Capitol, and a Dictator at the head of the Roman legions, we shall do that which France and Sardinia together failed of accomplishing. We shall expel the Austrian from the soil, and buy back Venetia with our blood!"

Olimpia turned at last. Her face was very pale, and the burnished gold of her hair crowned her in the sunlight like a glory.

"Enough," she said, calmly. "This young man's wealth shall be bought for Italy, if aught that I can give will purchase it."

Colonna took her in his arms, and kissed her brow.

"There speaks the true Colonna!" said he. "Had my daughter even given her heart to some other, I should have expected this concession—ay, though he had been the best and bravest of our Italian chivalry; but as it is, I think her duty and her love may yet go together."

"Nay—we will put love out of the question," said she, coldly.

"Heaven grant that I may live to see that day when, through thy deed, my Olimpia, our beloved country shall be free from the shores of the Adriatic to the waters of Tarento!"

"Amen," replied Olimpia, and left the room.

A REVERIE.

ALONE in my bachelor room, Nellie,
I'm sitting and pondering o'er
Some letters that lie on my table—
Your hand traced them, Nellie, of yore,
And your picture is lying beside them,
With the golden tress you wore.

I'm musing and thinking of you, Nellie,
Of the "Songs of former time,"
Of your merry laugh's glad music,
Of the "Chapel Bell's" soft chime,
Of our walk to the "Choir meeting,"
And of much I can not rhyme.

The years that have passed are ten, Nellie,
Since I pressed my lips to your brow,
And the stars looked down through the locust-trees
And witnessed our solemn vow—
How well that pledge has been kept, Nellie,
Our hearts can make answer now.

We were sad as we said "Good-by," Nellie,
'Neath the shade at your father's door,
And we vowed that we'd love for aye, Nellie,
As none ever loved before.
Thus we parted—I to the West, Nellie,
And thou to Atlantic's shore.

Our college days were past, Nellie,
And I buckled Hope's armor on
To shield in the hour of battle,
And guard till strife was done;
So, jostling 'gainst the world, Nellie,
At last the victory won.

The hour of victory came, Nellie,
Alas! too late it came,
The tongue of the slanderer hissed, Nellie,
Plotting a story of shame;
And she laughed when she made you believe, Nellie,
A lie on your lover's name!

* * * * *

The years that have passed are ten, Nellie,
Each fraught with that bitter pain;
I never have loved but you, Nellie,
And never can love again;
For the love I cherished for you, Nellie,
The frosts of ten winters have slain.

INTERESTING ITEMS.

TALE-BEARERS.—Some people are great tale-bearers through the love of being listened to and producing a sensation. They delight to see the amazement which follows the revelation of their last discovery. They know that nothing which their own brains have produced will interest any mortal under the sun; but they have a craving to be the centre of attentive listeners: and so instead of wit they talk scandal; they can't say any thing very wise, but they can speak about the unexpected misfortunes or the ludicrous follies of their neighbors. Tale-bearers of this kind are always delighted when they happen to hear any thing very piquant; they are restless till they have told it. They know exactly how to throw light and shade into their story, and how to dress every feature of it to the best advantage. They are not satisfied, like some inferior followers of the trade, with gossip of any kind; they have an artistic instinct for what will be effective. They are not quite without sympathy if they happen to see a neighbor overtaken by an accident, but it is a real consolation to them that they can tell how it occurred. If they only reflected for a moment they would discover, to their shame, that very often the gravest and the saddest circumstances of human life have been to them only fresh material for satisfying the miserable desire to touch the hearts and awaken the curiosity of their friends.

INGENIOUS INVENTION.—The French journals are all repeating a story about an Englishman who has gone over to Paris to get a patent for a new pickpocket trap—a false pocket, made on the plan of an eel-basket. Dishonesty can slip in its hand, but can not draw it back, and so is caught *in flagrante delicto*. The inventor caught one thief, a young woman, in an omnibus, but he let her off.

SIR MATTHEW HALE says: "Converse not with a liar, a swearer, nor a man of obscene or wanton language; for either he will corrupt you, or at least it will hazard your reputation to be of the like making; and, if it doth neither, yet it will fill your memory with such discourses that it will be troublesome to you in after-time; and the returns of the remembrance of the passages which you have long since heard of this nature will haunt you when your thoughts should be better employed."

ABOUT the year 14 of the Christian era the annual product of gold and silver was $5,000,000; in 1492 it was only $250,000; in 1853 it was $285,000,000; and, in 1863, $240,000,000. In the year 14 also the gold and silver in existence is estimated at $1,327,000,000, and in 1863 at $10,562,000,000. The whole amount of gold and silver obtained from the earth, from the earliest periods to the present time, is estimated at $21,272,000,000.

FEW of us are happy enough to be the members of an unbroken family circle. Sooner or later death enters the healthiest home, and a Christmas or a birthday festival seldom comes round without reminding the living of some "vanished hand" or voice that is still forever. Now it is Tiny Tim, whose shrill treble no longer helps to swell the merry noise; or again it is the patriarch of the flock, whose venerable presence has ceased to make the chimney-corner look sacred. The "fell sergeant" will not be denied. There may sometimes be an unwonted interval in his terrible visits; but the inevitable moment will arrive when drawn blinds and closed shutters will proclaim to our neighbors that there is Death in our house. What a solemn hush falls upon those who remain behind, when the soul of a beloved friend or relation has departed! Even the most careless and light-hearted feel the sacred influence of the hour. Silence reigns in the chamber where the dead man lies, and throughout the whole house the foot of the mourner falls softly, the voice naturally sinks into a whisper, and, except in rare cases, we can not bear to part with the well-known form now vacant of its spirit. We love to look again and again at the "old familiar face." We deck the brow with flowers. We delay till the latest instant to close the coffin, for it is only then that we begin really to feel the bitterness of bereavement. At length, not in indecorous haste, but when all has been done that tenderness or delicacy can suggest, we carry forth our sad burden to its grave. A hurried funeral is singularly revolting to civilized habits and sensitive dispositions. The Jew puts his dead out of sight almost as soon as they are cold. He still retains in a northern climate a custom which the heat of the East perhaps rendered necessary. Yet even in the East some tribes seem to have been possessed by the same repugnance to speedy sepulture which marks most Christian nations. Herodotus, indeed, tells us a story of certain of the Arabians who never buried their dead at all. They placed the bodies of their deceased friends within transparent crystal pillars, which they afterward carried forth to the cemetery near the city. Thus every man became his own tomb-stone. Among this people, at any rate, there can have been no lying epitaphs.

A LOTTERY FOR A HUSBAND.—In the Highland parish of Abernethy a young man of good figure, character, etc., proposes to open a lottery under the following conditions: All widows and maidens who have not attained the age of thirty-two are invited to buy of him a ticket at the price of 10s. After 300 tickets are sold at this figure the drawing will take place. There will be only one prize, and it will be the right of the fortunate lady who wins it to claim the young gentleman for her husband, and partake with him the comforts to be derived from the £150 produced by the lottery.

THERE are two things which are often confounded—charity and compassion. It is not possible to be charitable without being compassionate, but many a man is compassionate without being at all charitable. The fact is that charity is a principle of the human mind, while compassion is only one of our animal instincts. Such a thing as compassion is observed even in animals, and therefore the Priest and the Levite in the parable not only lowered themselves beneath the level of humanity, but even below that of the brutes. A man who, upon seeing a fellow-creature fall into the water, jumps after him without a moment's hesitation, even at the risk of his own life, does a very noble thing no doubt, but many a dog has done the same. And a man who drops a coin into a poor wretch's hand, shows that he is not a stick or a stone, but he may be little more than a goose for all that, for a great naturalist tells us of a goose which, having fallen in with a quantity of barley that a miller had spilled on the road, first filled its own stomach and then walked up to its starving companions about half a mile distant, and called them to the place to share the benefit of its lucky discovery. Certainly compassion is an indispensable element in charity, but it is no more charity itself than taste is digestion, or hearing understanding. Compassion just yields to the impression of the moment, drops a kind word or a gift to alleviate momentary suffering; and having thus discharged itself, passes on to leave the case as it was. Charity, on the contrary, inquires into the cause of the suffering, and the future prospects of the sufferer. It not only wishes to help him for the present, but to guard him against a recurrence of the evil, and to restore him to his normal condition.

HOW SCHOLARS ARE MADE.—Costly apparatus and splendid cabinets have no magical powers to make scholars. In all circumstances, as a man is, under God, the maker of his fortune, so is he the maker of his own mind. The Creator has so constituted the human intellect that it can grow only by its own action, and by its own action it will most certainly and necessarily grow. Every man must, therefore, in an important sense, educate himself. His book and teacher are but helps; the work is his. A man is not educated until he has the ability to summon, as an act of emergency, all his mental powers in vigorous exercise to effect his proposed object. It is not the man that has seen most or has read most who can do this; such a one is in danger of being borne down, like a beast of burden, by an overloaded mass of other men's thoughts. Nor is it the man who can boast merely of native vigor and capacity; the greatest of all the warriors that went to the siege of Troy had not the pre-eminence because Nature had given him strength, and he carried the largest bow, but because self-discipline had taught him how to bend it.

"IT MIGHT BE WORSE!"—"Cock-a-dood—Cock-a—I *can't* crow; it's utterly impossible; if I had spirits for it this odious yellow thick stuff they call *fog* would get into my throat and prevent me. No; no more crowing for *me*, alas!" So said a dejected-looking Cock, as he stood on a November morning, a heap of ruffled, dingy feathers, on the top of a ruined fowl-house in the dark back-yard of a small house in town.

The hens, who were natives, went on quietly picking up the broken potato thrown out to them, and took no notice.

"Just look at my tail," he cried to one, as he glanced round at his finely-arched feathers that had a week before glistened in the sun like snow-flakes; "don't you see how dirty and shabby it is? And my wattles and my comb—they were as red as crimson; but my wattles, I can see, are getting yellow, and no doubt my comb is too. What a cruel tyranny to bring me from the finest of farm-yards, where I was the admiration of so many hens, and where my voice might be heard the whole length of the village! I call this the climax of oppression and wrong, and myself the greatest of sufferers."

The hens still pecked away, though he looked at them for sympathy; they were afraid to contradict him (hens' hearts being but little braver than chickens'), but they thought he was no worse off than they were.

Half offended, the disconsolate Cock was about to demand from them a confession of his wrongs, when a lark in a small cage on the wall began his song, and went through it as though he had been mounting on free and vigorous wing to chant the glories of the early morning.

The Cock looked up shyly at him, then huddled himself up, then shook himself, then held up his head, and stood on both legs in a firm and resolute position; for it had passed through his mind thus: "Well, well, there's an end of my complaining; if *you*, whose happiness, every one knows, lay in mounting up into the sky, and nestling among your family in your beautiful country home, can sing so sweetly in that little prison, shut out from all you love, a lonely captive, I may well put up with my troubles: I see plainly there are worse cases than mine."

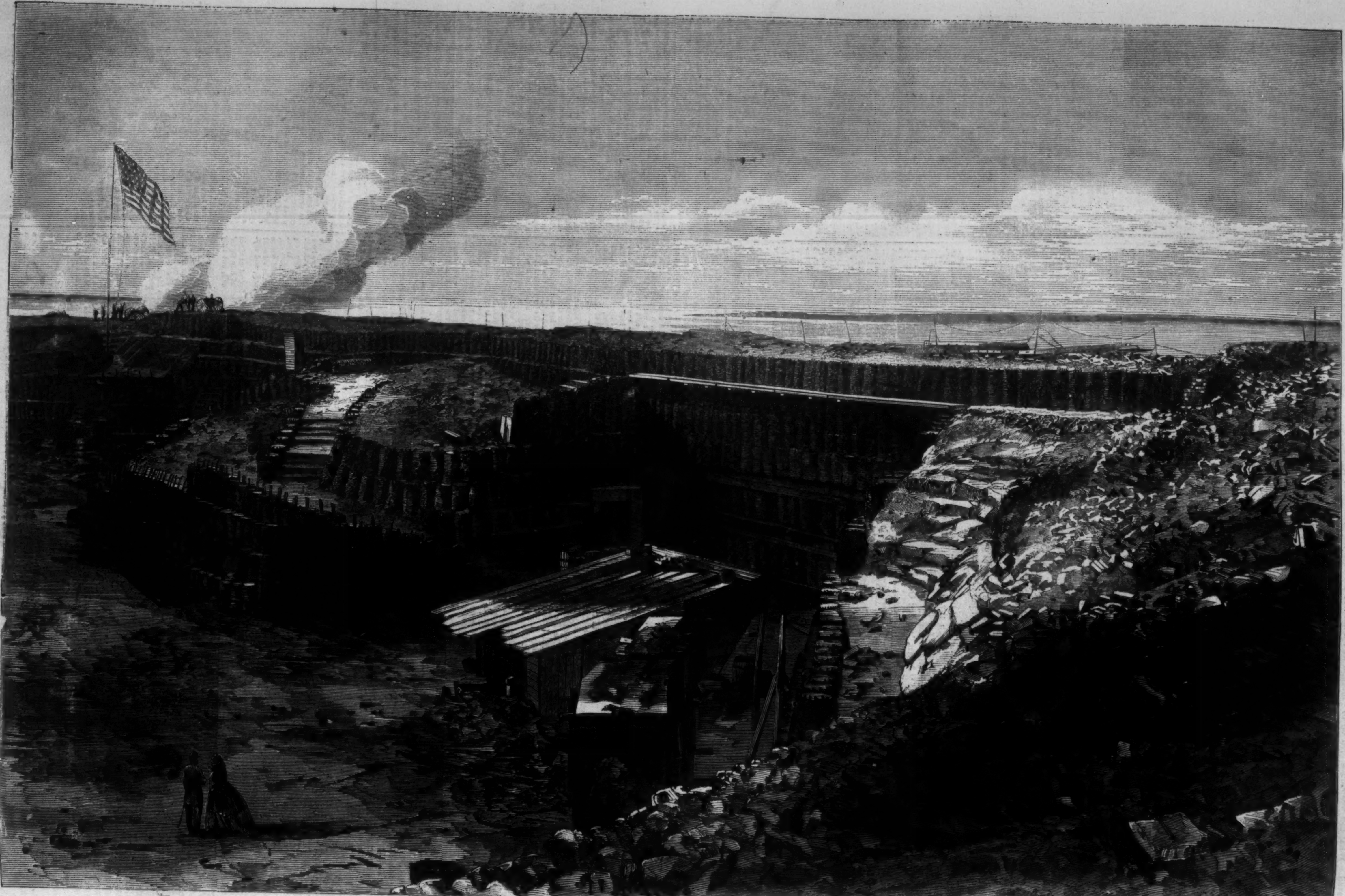
And when he had thought all this he set up as fine a crow as ever came from his dear farm-yard, and began to make the best he could of his breakfast.

INGRATITUDE.—It is common enough to hear people announce that, for their part, they have given up expecting gratitude in this world, and that in such significant tones as to leave us in no doubt that the hard experience is a personal one. Nobody talks much about ingratitude in the abstract; the subject is only interesting when brought home in some marked way to ourselves. Now, though it is only too flagrant a truth that there is such a thing as ingratitude, we think it will be granted by whoever has listened to this strain that there always arises a misgiving as to the justice, in the particular instance, of so sweeping a censure upon human nature. If we know the complainant well enough, we shall be conscious of a defective sympathy. The people who are always scenting out ingratitude are not people to trust without a searching investigation, because they will uniformly be found self-absorbed, puzzled-headed, or in some way incapacitated for taking a reasonable and unprejudiced view where their affections or interests are concerned; they are behindhand with the rest of the world in their knowledge of themselves and of their standing toward others. They view the conduct of others, in any critical case which greatly concerns or interests them, in its bearing on themselves alone; they can not take in the complicated relations in which all stand toward the world about them. Thus you will hear the mistress of a household rail at the ingratitude of servants, because one on whom she has bestowed much kindness has left her for her own convenience or to "better herself." As she talks of her wrongs, she evidently forgets that the delinquent may have ties quite as stringent elsewhere. The trusty damsel she misses so sorely had perhaps given a *quid pro quo* in faithful service; or, if the complainant was kind, perhaps others had been kinder; or she forgets that the kindness has the set-off of many a provocation hard for servant-girlism to bear. As a fact, people are never less pleasant than when they are thus denouncing the world—their world, whatever it is. We feel implicated in some way; though it is no concern of ours, we find ourselves making common cause with the ingrate. The truth is, ingratitude is too serious a charge to bring without very grave consideration—without weighing all sides of the question. There are ungrateful people in the world—people with the mouths described by the old writer as always eating and never saying grace; who take whatever any body will give them and never say "Thank you;" into whom kindnesses fall as into a dead sea; people for whom no man living is the better; people who think they have a right to every thing, and only feel ill-used when that comes as a gift which should have been theirs by ownership.

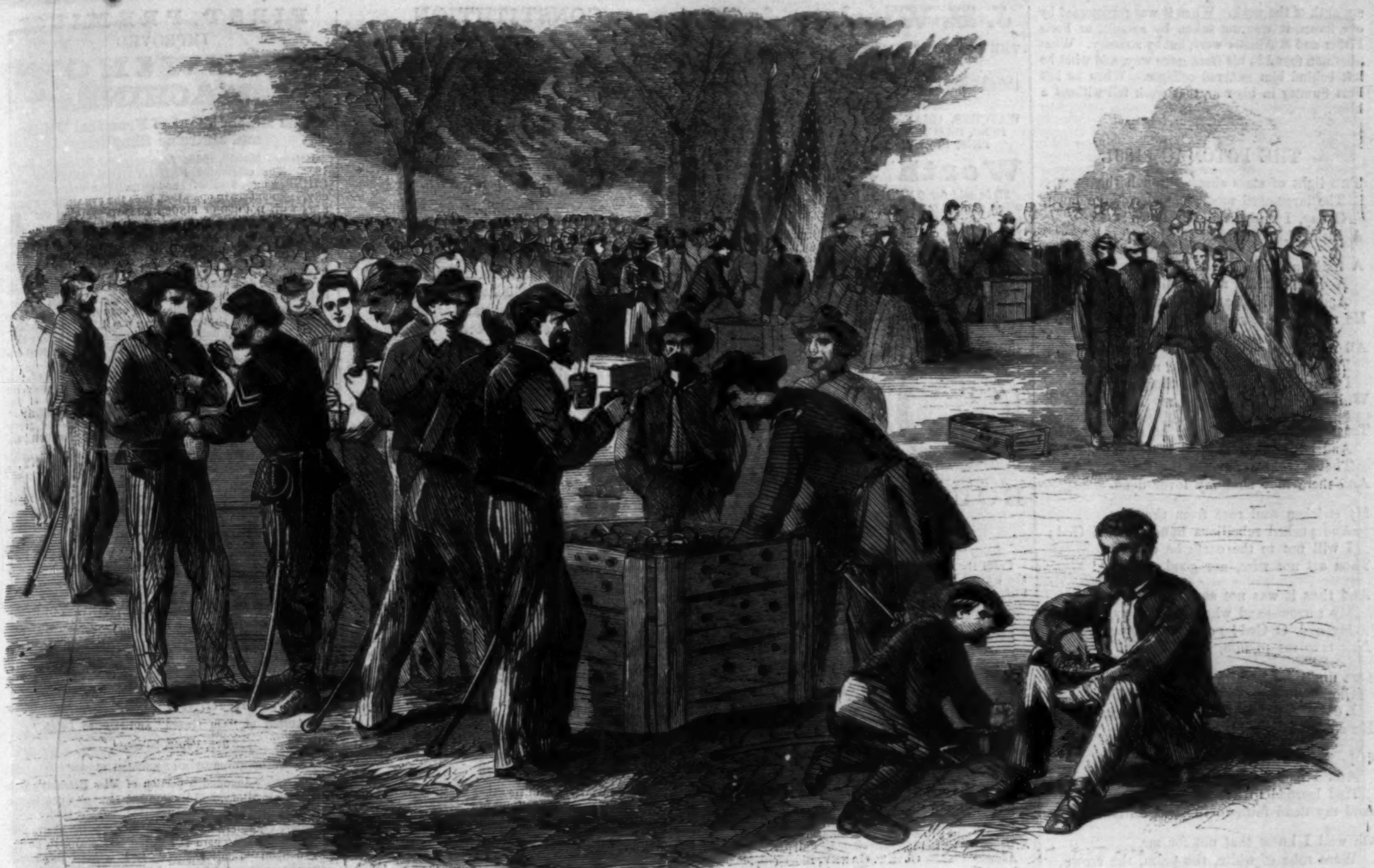
HELPERS.—We know no set of people who vary more among themselves than those who profess to help us. There is the fussy, fidgety helper, who gives more trouble than assistance, whose room is more useful than his company, who is generally in the way, or setting about the wrong thing, or undoing what has just been done and put aside, moving what ought to be left to stand, leaving what ought to be specially moved. He does all this with the most marked expression and utterance of kindness, sympathy, and good-nature, saying, "What shall I do for you? what can I do next?" and all the while adding tenfold to your trouble instead of diminishing it. Again, there is the timid helper, who can not be left to do a thing by himself, who must be shown how each item and link in the performance is to be taken up and joined together: who can not, in short, be trusted, not because you doubt him, but because he doubts himself. When you want any thing done, how pleasant it is to put it into some one's hands, saying, "This must be done," and feel sure that in time the result will be obtained, without your having been perplexed and run to every moment for directions. Again, on the other hand, there is the helper who runs into the opposite extreme. You say you want such and such a thing done, and before you have time to explain yourself he rushes off to a conclusion, and perhaps commits you to an additional load of trouble and anxiety by the rash way in which he sets about it. Again, there is the capricious helper, who puts his hand to the plow and looks back, who throws up in the full swing and progress of work, who gives up suddenly like the wheel of a coach which comes off while it is going at full speed. There is also the criticising helper, who joins in any work, but mainly to carry out his own views and schemes: who moves, as it were, in a little independent circle within a large one: who questions the directions he receives, and twists the regulations of his society to suit his own purpose; who makes many conditions: who can not bear this, can not bear that, can not get on with such a colleague, is always telling the chief that such and such things are wrong, that such and such men are doing their work the wrong way; who, in fact, gives more advice than assistance, and pulls the matter one side quite as much as he pushes or draws it along the road it has to go. He is very active and energetic, but his exertions are all one-sided, and it requires the care of the master or the balance of some opposite influence to hinder the overturn of the thing in hand. Now such help as this is of course provoking, for there is a spice of earnest independence in it which is very infectious, and such a helper sometimes, after doing all the mischief that he can, leaves the concern with the credit of a martyr, who would have set every thing right if he had not had cold water thrown on him, and been hindered in having his own way. There is again the fragmentary, intermittent helper, who is never to be depended on, who helps you when the humor takes him, but you can't tell when these happy occasions will come round; who keeps the person he professes to help in the alternate moods of expectation and disappointment. There are many other kind of helpers. There is the nominal: when a man says he can give only his name, as if he did not think that one of the most precious of his possessions, or the man who offers his good wishes and then stops. No doubt those who have learned the power and value of sympathy are glad to get good wishes, mere naked good wishes, but they would be more gratified if good deeds came at the back of them.

READERS.—Readers may be divided into four classes. The first may be compared to an hour-glass, their reading being as the sand; it runs in and runs out, and leaves not a vestige behind. A second class resembles a sponge, which imbibes every thing, and returns it nearly in the same state, only a little dirtier. A third class is like a jelly bag, which allows every thing that is pure to pass away, and retains only the refuse and dregs. The fourth class may be compared to the slave in the diamond mines of Golconda, who, casting aside all that is worthless, preserves only the pure gems.

IDEAL CHRISTIANITY.—There is but one example of a religion which is not naturally weakened by civilization, and that example is Christianity. In all other cases the decay of dogmatic conceptions is tantamount to a complete annihilation of the religion; for although there may be imperishable elements of moral truth mingled with those conceptions, they have nothing distinctive or peculiar. The moral truths coalesce with new systems, the men who uttered them take their places with many others in the great pantheon of history, and the religion, having discharged its functions, is spent and withered. But the great characteristic of Christianity, and the great moral proof of its divinity, is that it has been the main source of the moral development of Europe, and that it has discharged this office not so much by the inculcation of a system of ethics, however pure, as by the assimilating and attractive influence of a perfect ideal. The moral progress of mankind can never cease to be distinctively and intensely Christian as long as it consists of a gradual approximation to the character of the Christian Founder. There is, indeed, nothing more wonderful in the history of the human race than the way in which that ideal has traversed the lapse of ages, acquiring a new strength and beauty with each advance of civilization, and infusing its beneficent influence into every sphere of thought and action. At first men sought to grasp by minute dogmatic definitions the divinity they felt. The controversies of the Homoousians or Monophysites or Nestorians or Patripassians, and many others whose very names now sound strange and remote, then filled the Church. Then came the period of visible representations. The handkerchief of Veronica, the portrait of Edessa, the crucifix of Nicodemus, the paintings of St. Luke, the image traced by an angel's hand, which is still venerated at the Lateran, the countless visions narrated by the saints, show the eagerness with which men sought to realize as a palpable and living image their ideal. This age was followed by that of historical evidences, the age of [illegible] and his followers. Yet more and more, with advancing years, the moral ideal stood out from all dogmatic conceptions, its divinity was recognized by its perfection, and it is no exaggeration to say that at no former period was it so powerful, or so universally acknowledged, as at present. This is a phenomenon altogether unique in history; and to those who recognize in the highest type of excellences the highest revelation of the Deity, its importance is too manifest to be overlooked.



VIEW OF THE INTERIOR OF FORT SUMTER AFTER ITS EVACUATION BY THE REBELS, FEBRUARY 18, 1865.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY GEORGE N. BARNARD.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

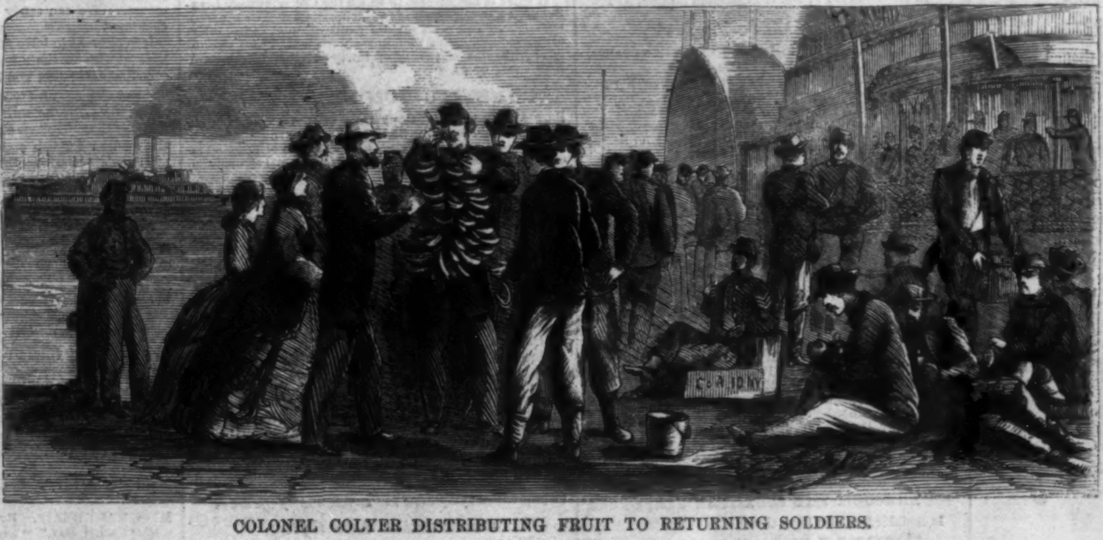


COLONEL COLYER DISTRIBUTING BERRIES TO THE FIRST NEW YORK CAVALRY ON THE BATTERY.

THE SOLDIERS' HOME IN HOWARD STREET, NEW YORK.

The State and City of New York have done themselves great credit in the establishment and maintenance of an institution so beneficial to soldiers as is the Soldiers' Home in Howard Street. The object of the institution is to afford to our returning soldiers not otherwise provided for a comfortable home during the time which they may for any cause be detained in the city on their way home. Here the weary are refreshed, the hungry fed, and the sick cared for; and the existence of such a home removes the soldier from many of the discomforts as well as temptations to which he might otherwise be subject. The dépôt in Howard Street is under the superintendence of Colonel Vincent Colyer, who has won for himself the respect and love of our citizens for his past efforts in behalf of freedmen. He and his assistants are continually employed in the duties of their kind office. The building provided for the entertainment of soldiers is spacious and comfortable, and is tastefully arranged. It provides a good number of sleeping-rooms, a dining-hall, and an excellent library and reading-room. A portion of the latter is shown in one of the accompanying illustrations. This room is decorated with flowers, and opportunities are afforded for writing to those desiring them.

Colonel Colyer, however, does not confine himself to the soldiers who come to him. When they arrive at the Battery they find him waiting for them, and if they are only detained for an hour or two at the Battery they are sure to come in for some of the good things in the Colonel's store of fruit or berries. Nor are these good offices confined to the soldiers of this State; those on their way to the Eastern States are also included within Colonel Colyer's beneficent provisions. As the funds of the institution are not over ample for their purpose, it may not be out of place to suggest to our readers that contributions in this direction will increase the number of benefits so richly deserved by our brave soldiers.

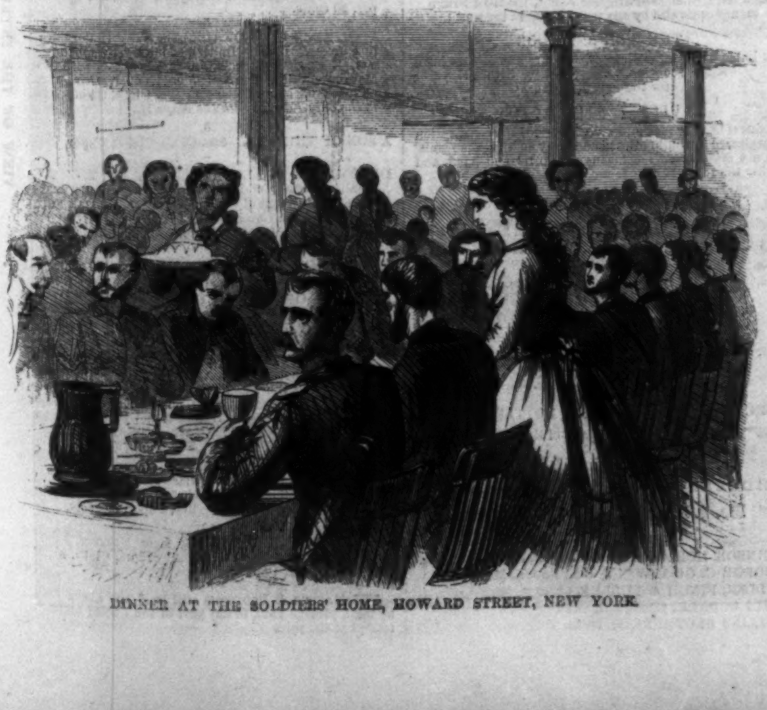


COLONEL COLYER DISTRIBUTING FRUIT TO RETURNING SOLDIERS.

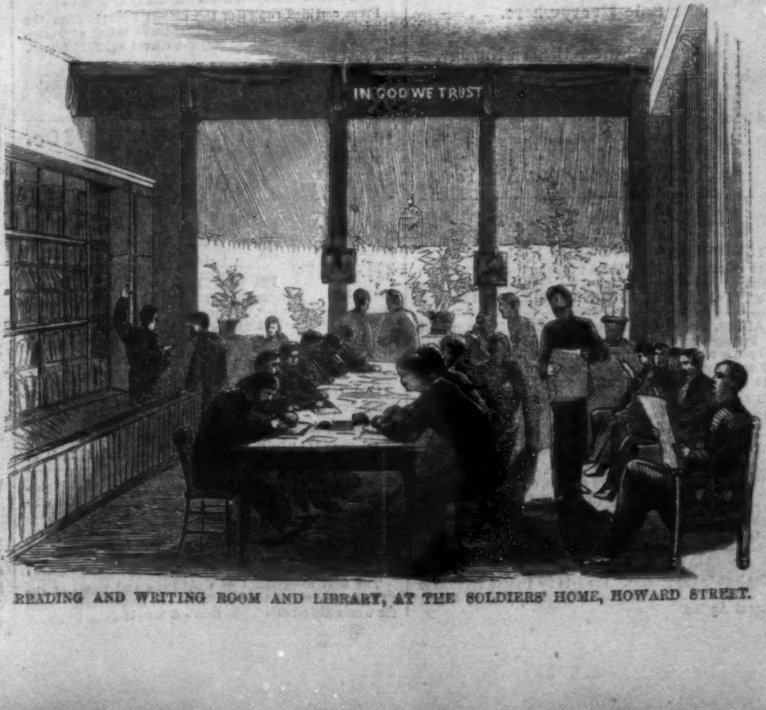
FORT SUMTER.

From an accurate photograph we are able, on page 460, to present our readers with the most perfect and extensive interior view of Fort Sumter which has yet been published. The Fort came into our possession, with the city of Charleston, on the 18th of February, 1865.

Fort Sumter is probably, taken in connection with the adjacent works, the strongest fortification in the world. After its walls were completely crumbled by our shells it was stronger than when, in 1861, it received the fire of the rebel batteries. The more it was battered the stronger it became. The picture which we give of the interior of the Fort displays the great



DINNER AT THE SOLDIERS' HOME, HOWARD STREET, NEW YORK.



READING AND WRITING ROOM AND LIBRARY, AT THE SOLDIERS' HOME, HOWARD STREET.

strength of the work. When it was repossessed by our forces, it was not taken by assault, as Forts Fisher and M'Allister were, but by strategy. What Sherman found in his front gave way, and what he left behind him suffered collapse. When he left Fort Sumter in his rear, that work fell without a blow.

THE POTOMAC—1861.

The light of stars shook through the trees,
The large-eyed moon looked o'er the lawn,
O day, I said, delay thy dawn!
A little whisper stirred the breeze.

A frightened bird thrilled through the place,
A dead leaf fell at my still feet,
And my wild heart, oh loud it beat!
He read my answer in my face.

All night across the moonlit land,
Far southward, where the river runs,
I heard the booming of their guns,
While in his own he held my hand.

Trust God, oh little heart! he said,
And galloped forth into the light;
That day he rode into the fight,
And there they shot my lover dead.

My stricken soul rose from the dust,
And pushed rebellious hands toward God;
I will not to the earth be trod,
Thou art nor wise, nor good, nor just!

And thus it was not sanctified—
My sorrow—and when I did pray:
My end, O God! no more delay,
Now take me to him, Lord, I cried.

One night I dreamed, and he stood by,
Clothed, angel-wise, in love and light.
I durst not touch his robes of white,
He chid me with his pitying eye.

Only that look, nor any word,
And I had learned, not all too late,
Had learned to live, and work, and wait,
And my dead faith to life was stirred.

Oh well I knew that not for me
Were robe of white, the palm, the crown,
Till I more worthy them had grown,
Had earned, like him, euthanasy!

Nor sitting still with folded palms,
To nurse my grief through the long years,
But reading through my bitter tears
Strange mockery in the eternal psalms;

In some far circle from the throne
Content if I, at last, may stand,
He holding in his own my hand,
And our two voices making one—

One voice of praise, prevailing thence
Unto the Lamb upon the Hill—
The far-off memory of ill,
Crowning the long, long recompense.

Do not Waste your Money buying any of the numerous worthless articles called Gold Pens, which have flooded the market for the last few years, when at lower prices you can get pens which are acknowledged to be the Best in the World.

Avoid the shameless Upstarts, whose lack of brains compels them to attempt Imitation, *even to the advertisement.* If you want the full value of your money, call on A. Morton, 25 Maiden Lane, New York, or inclose stamp for circular.

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LADIES' SIZE, $25. GENT'S SIZE, $25.

Elegant as an 18-carat Gold Watch. First-class Timekeepers. Sent by mail, free of charge, on receipt of price. A case of six, for $125, will sell for three times their cost.
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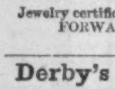

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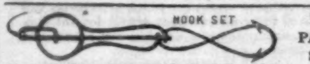

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